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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

M'FINGAL:

A MODERN EPIC POEM,

IN FOUR CANTOS.

BY

JOHN TRUMBULL, Esq.,

[A WHIG OF 1776.]

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WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES.

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PREFACE

TO THE EDITION OF 1839.

This Poem was first published in 1782, in the State of Connecticut, where the author was born and received his education. It has been several times re-printed in this country and Great Britain; but no edition is now recollected later than 1813.

The design of the poem must be obvious to every reader. The scene is laid in Massachusetts, where the Revolution originated—and the time is 1775, the period of its commencement. It will readily be perceived, that M'Fingal, the hero, is designed to represent the *Tory Faction*—and Honorius, the *Whig Party*.

"The author (as we are informed in the preface to former editions) at the time the opposition of America to the unjust claims of the British Parliament was maturing into system, lived in Boston ("the cradle of the Revolution,") with one of the principal projectors of American Independence. He espoused the cause of his country, and became intimately acquainted with the transactions of the early Revolutionists,

and all the measures of the British agents, to counteract the opposition. This appears by a number of anecdotes, very humorously related, in the course of the poem."

It is presumed that no apology is necessary for offering to the public a new edition of a work so universally admired for its ingenuity, wit and humour—especially as it has become so scarce, that no copies are to be found in the book-stores.

The notes to this edition are in part copied from former editions—others are altered—and a few have been added.

M'FINGAL.

CANTO FIRST.

THE TOWN MEETING, A. M.

When Yankees[1] skilled in martial rule,
First put the British troops to school;
Instructed them in warlike trade,
And new manœuvres of parade;
The true war-dance of Yankee-reels,
And *manual exercise* of heels;
Made them give up, like saints complete,
The arm of flesh, and trust the feet,
And work, like Christians undissembling,
Salvation out, by fear and trembling;
Taught Percy fashionable races,
And modern modes of Chevy-Chases:[2]
From Boston, in his best array,
Great 'Squire M'Fingal took his way;
And, graced with ensigns of renown,
Steer'd homeward to his native town.

His high descent our heralds trace,
To Ossian's[3] famed Fingalian race;
For though their name some part may lack,
Old Fingal spelt it with a Mac;
Which great M'Pherson, with submission,
We hope will add the next edition.

His fathers flourish'd in the Highlands,
Of Scotia's fog-benighted islands;
Whence gained our 'Squire two gifts by right,
Rebellion and the second-sight.
Of these the first, in ancient days,
Had gain'd the noblest palms of praise;
'Gainst kings stood forth, and many a crown'd
With terror of its might confounded; [head,
Till rose a king with potent charm,
His foes by goodness to disarm;
Whom ev'ry Scot and Jacobite,
Straight fell in love with—at first sight;
Whose gracious speech, with aid of pensions,
Hush'd down all murmurs of dissensions;
And with the sound of potent metal,
Brought all their blust'ring swarms to settle;
Who rain'd his ministerial mannas,
Till loud sedition sung hosannas;
The good lord bishops and the kirk,
United in the public work;
Rebellion from the northern regions,
With Bute and Mansfield swore allegiance,
And all combin'd to raze, as nuisance,
Of church and state, the constitutions;
Pull down the empire, on whose ruins,
They meant to edify their new ones;

Enslave the Amer'can wildernesses,
And tear the provinces in pieces.
For these our 'Squire, among the valiant'st,
Employed his time and tools and talents;
And in their cause, with manly zeal,
Us'd his first virtue to rebel;
And found this new rebellion pleasing,
As his old king-destroying treason.

Nor less avail'd his optic sleight,
And Scottish gift of second-sight.
No ancient sybil, fam'd in rhyme,
Saw deeper in the womb of time;
No block in old Dodona's grove,
Could ever more orac'lar prove.
Nor only saw he all that was,
But much that never came to pass;
Whereby all prophets far out-went he,
Though former days produc'd a plenty:
For any man with half an eye,
What stands before him may espy;
But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.
As in the days of ancient fame,
Prophets and poets were the same;
And all the praise that poets gain,
Is but for what th' invent and feign;
So gain'd our 'Squire his fame by seeing
Such things as never would have being.
Whence he for oracles was grown,
The very tripod[4] of his town.
Gazettes no sooner rose a lie in,
But straight he fell to prophesying;[5]

Made dreadful slaughter in his course,
O'erthrew provincials, foot and horse;
Brought armies o'er by sudden pressings,
Of Hanoverians, Swiss, and Hessians;
Feasted with blood his Scottish clan,
And hang'd all rebels to a man;
Divided their estates and pelf,
And took a goodly share himself.
All this, with spirit energetic,
He did by second-sight prophetic.

Thus stor'd with intellectual riches,
Skill'd was our 'Squire in making speeches,
Where strength of brain united centres,
With strength of lungs surpassing Stentor's.
But as some muskets so contrive it,
As oft to miss the mark they drive at;
And though well aim'd at duck or plover,
Bear wide, and kick their owners over;
So far'd our 'Squire, whose reasoning toil
Would often on himself recoil,
And so much injur'd more his side,
The stronger arg'ments he apply'd;
As old war-elephants, dismay'd,
Trode down the troops they came to aid;
And hurt their own side more in battle,
Than less and ordinary cattle;
Yet at town meetings ev'ry chief,
Pinn'd faith on great M'Fingal's sleeve,
And, as he motioned, all by rote,
Rais'd sympathetic hands to vote.

The town, our hero's scene of action,
Had long been torn by feuds of faction;

And as each party's strength prevails,
It turn'd up diff'rent heads or tails;
With constant rattling, in a trice,
Show'd various sides, as oft as dice:
As that fam'd weaver,[6] wife to Ulysses,
By night each day's work pick'd in pieces;
And though she stoutly did bestir her,
Its finishing was ne'er the nearer:
So did this town, with steadfast zeal,
Weave cobwebs for the public weal,
Which when completed, or before,
A second vote in pieces tore.
They met, made speeches full, long-winded,
Resolv'd, protested, and rescinded;
Addresses sign'd, then chose committees;
To stop all drinking of bohea-teas;[7]
With winds of doctrine veer'd about,
And turn'd all whig-committees out.
Meanwhile our hero, as their head,
In pomp the tory faction led;
Still following, as the 'Squire should please,
Successive on, like files of geese.

And now the town was summon'd greeting,
To grand parading of town-meeting;
A show, that strangers might appal,
As Rome's grave senate did the Gaul.
High o'er the rout on pulpit-stairs,
Like den of thieves in house of pray'rs;
(That house, which, loth a rule to break,
Serv'd Heav'n but one day in the week;
Open the rest for all supplies,
Of news and politics and lies,)[8]

Stood forth the constable, and bore,
His staff, like Merc'ry's wand of yore;
Wav'd potent round, the peace to keep,
As that laid dead men's souls to sleep.
Above, and near th' Hermetic staff,
The moderator's[9] upper half
In grandeur o'er the cushion bow'd,
Like Sol half seen behind a cloud.
Beneath stood voters of all colours,
Whigs, Tories, orators and bawlers.
With ev'ry tongue in either faction,
Prepar'd like minute-men, for action;
Where truth and falsehood, wrong and right,
Draw all their legions out to fight;
With equal uproar, scarcely rave,
Opposing winds in Æolus' cave;
Such dialogues, with earnest face,
Held never Balaam with his ass.

With daring zeal and courage blest,
Honorious first the crowd address'd;
When now our 'Squire, returning late,
Arriv'd to aid the grand debate;
With strange sour faces sat him down,
While thus the orator went on:

"—For ages blest, thus Britain rose,
The terror of encircling foes;
Her heroes rul'd the bloody plain,
Her conqu'ring standard aw'd the main;
The diff'rent palms her triumph's grace,
Of arms in war, of arts in peace;
Unharrass'd by maternal care,
Each rising province flourish'd fair;

Whose various wealth with liberal hand,
By far o'erpaid the parent land.
But though so bright her sun might shine,
'Twas quickly hasting to decline;
With feeble rays, too weak t' assuage
The damps that chill the eve of age.

"For states, like men, are doom'd as well,
Th' infirmities of age to feel;
And from their different forms of empire,
Are seiz'd with every deep distemper.
Some states high fevers have made head in,
Which nought could cure but copious bleeding;
While others have grown dull and dozy,
Or fix'd in hapless idiocy;
Or turn'd demoniacs, to belabour,
Each peaceful habitant and neighbour;
Or vex'd with hypocondriac fits,
Have broke their strength and lost their wits.

"Thus now, while hoary years prevail,
Good mother Britain seem'd to fail;
Her back bent, crippled with the weight,
Of age and debts, and cares of state:
For debts she ow'd, and those so large,
That twice her wealth could not discharge;
And now 'twas thought, so high they'd grown,
She'd break, and come upon the town;[10]
Her arms, of nations once the dread,
She scarce could lift above her head;
Her deafen'd ears ('twas all their hope)
The final trump perhaps might ope;
So long they'd been in stupid mood,
Shut to the hearing of all good;

Grim death had put her in his scroll,
Down on the execution roll;
And Gallic crows, as she grew weaker,
Began to whet their beaks to pick her.
And now, her pow'rs decaying fast,
Her grand climact'ric had she past;
And just like all old women else,
Fell in the vapours much by spells.
Strange whimsies on her fancy struck,
And gave her brain a dismal shock;
Her mem'ry fails, her judgment ends,
She quite forgot her nearest friends;
Lost all her former sense and knowledge,
And fitted fast for Bedlam college:
Of all the pow'rs she once retain'd,
Conceit and pride alone remain'd.
As Eve, when falling, was so modest,
To fancy she should grow a goddess;
As madmen, straw who long have slept on,
Will style them, Jupiter, or Neptune;
So Britain, 'midst her airs so flighty,
Now took a whim to be almighty;
Urg'd on to desp'rate heights of frenzy,
Affirm'd her own omnipotency;[11]
Would rather ruin all her race,
Than 'bate supremacy an ace;
Assum'd all rights divine, as grown,
The church's head, like good pope Joan;
Swore all the world should bow and skip,
To her almighty goodyship;
Anath'matiz'd each unbeliever,
And vow'd to live and rule forever.
Her servants humour'd every whim,
And own'd at once her power supreme;

Her follies pleas'd in all their stages,
For sake of legacies and wages;
In *Stephen's Chapel*[12] then in state too,
Sat up her golden calf to pray to;
Proclaim'd its pow'r and right divine,
And call'd for worship at its shrine,
And for poor heretics to burn us,
Bade North prepare his fiery furnace;
Struck bargains with the Romish churches,
Infallibility to purchase;
Sat wide for popery the door,
Made friends with Babel's scarlet whore;
Join'd both the matrons firm in clan,
No sisters made a better span;
No wonder then, ere this was over,
That she should make her children suffer.
She first, without pretence of reason,
Claim'd right whate'er we had to seize on;
And with determined resolution,
To put her claims in execution;
Sent fire and sword, and call'd it, lenity,
Starv'd us, and christen'd it humanity.
For she, her case grown desperater,
Mistook the plainest things in nature;
Had lost all use of eyes or wits,
Took slav'ry for the bill of rights;
Trembled at Whigs and deem'd them foes,
And stopp'd at loyalty her nose;
Styl'd her own children brats and caitiffs,
And knew not us from th' Indian natives.

"What though with supplicating prayer,
We begg'd our lives and goods she'd spare;

Not vainer vows, with sillier call,
Elijah's prophets rais'd to Baal;
A worshipp'd stock, of god or goddess,
Had better heard and understood us.
So once Egyptians at the Nile,
Ador'd their guardian crocodile;
Who heard them first with kindest ear,
And ate them to reward their pray'r;
And could he talk, as kings can do,
Had made as gracious speeches too.

"Thus, spite of pray'rs her schemes pursuing,
She still went on to work our ruin;
Annull'd our charters of releases,
And tore our title deeds in pieces;
Then sign'd her warrants of ejection,
And gallows rais'd to stretch our necks on:
And on these errands sent in rage,
Her bailiff, and her hangman Gage,"[13]
And at his heels, like dog to bait us,
Dispatch'd her *posse comitatus.*

"No state e'er chose a fitter person,
To carry such a silly farce on.
As heathen gods in ancient days,
Receiv'd at second hand their praise;
Stood imag'd forth in stones and stocks,
And deified in barbers' blocks;
So Gage was chose to represent
Th' omnipotence of parli'ment.
And as old heroes gain'd, by shifts,
From gods (as poets tell) their gifts;
Our gen'ral, as his actions show,
Gain'd like assistance from below;

By Satan grac'd with full supplies,
From all his magazine of lies:
Yet could his practice ne'er impart
The wit, to tell a lie with art:
Those lies alone are formidable,
Where artful truth is mix'd with fable;
But Gage has bungled oft so vilely,
No soul could credit lies so silly;
Outwent all faith and stretch'd beyond,
Credulity's extremest bound.
Whence plain it seems, though Satan once
O'erlook'd with scorn each brainless dunce;
And, blund'ring brutes, in Eden shunning,
Chose out the serpent for his cunning;
Of late he is not half so nice,
Nor pick'd assistance, 'cause they're wise.
For had he stood upon perfection,
His present friends had lost th' election,
And far'd as hard in the proceeding,
As owls and asses did in Eden.

"Yet fools are often dang'rous en'mies,
As meanest reptiles are most ven'mous;
Nor e'er could Gage, by craft or prowess,
Have done a whit more mischief to us;
Since he began the unnatural war,
The work his master sent him for.

"And are there in this free-born land,
Among ourselves, a venal band;
A dastard race, who long have sold,
Their souls and consciences for gold;
Who wish to stab their country's vitals,
If they might heir surviving titles;

With joy behold our mischief brewing,
Insult and triumph in our ruin?
Priests, who, if Satan should set down,
To make a bible of his own;
Would gladly for the sake of mitres,
Turn his inspir'd and sacred writers;
Lawyers, who, should he wish to prove,
His title t' his old seat above,
Would, if his cause he'd give 'em fees in,
Bring writs of *entry sur disseisin;*
Plead for him boldly at the session,
And hope to put him in possession;
Merchants, who, for his kindly aid,
Would make him partner in their trade;
Hang out their signs with goodly show,
Inscribed with "*Beelzebub and Co.*"
And Judges, who would list his pages,
For proper liveries and wages;
And who as humbly cringe and bow,
To all his mortal servants now;
There are; and shame, with pointing gestures,
Marks out the addressers and protesters;[14]
Whom following down the stream of fate,
Contempts ineffable await;
And public infamy, forlorn,
Dread hate, and everlasting scorn."

As thus he spake, our 'Squire M'Fingal,
Gave to his partizans a signal.
Not quicker roll'd the waves to land,
When Moses wav'd his potent wand;
Nor with more uproar, than the Tories,
Sat up a gen'ral route in chorus;

Laugh'd hiss'd, hemm'd, murmur'd, groan'd and
jeer'd :
Honorius now could scarce be heard.
Our muse amid th' increasing roar,
Could not distinguish one word more ;
Though she sat by, in firm record,
To take in short-hand every word ;
As ancient muses wont, to whom
Old bards for depositions come ;
Who must have writ 'em ; for how else,
Could they each speech *verbatim* tell us ?
And though some readers of romances,
Are apt to strain their tortur'd fancies ;
And doubt when lovers all alone,
Their sad soliloquies do groan,
Grieve many a page with no one near 'em,
And nought but rocks and groves to hear 'em,
What sprite infernal could have tattled,
And told the authors all they prattled ;
Whence some weak minds have made objection,
That what they scribbled must be fiction :
'Tis false, for while the lovers spoke,
The muse was by with table-book ;
And, lest some blunder might ensue,
Echo stood clerk, and kept the cue.
And though the speech ben't worth a groat,
As usual, 'tisn't the author's fault ;
But error merely of the prater,
Who should have talk'd to th' purpose better ;
Which full excuse, my critic brothers,
May help me out as well as others ;
And 'tis design'd, though here it lurk,
To serve as preface to this work.

So let it be—for now our 'Squire,
No longer could contain his ire;
And rising, midst applauding Tories,
Thus vented wrath upon Honorius.

Quoth he, "'Tis wond'rous what strange stuff,
Your Whigs' heads are compounded of;
Which force of logic cannot pierce,
Nor syllogistic *carte and tierce;*
Nor weight of scripture or of reason,
Suffice to make the least impression.
Not heeding what ye rais'd contest on,
Ye prate, and beg or steal the question;
And when your boasted arguings fail,
Straight leave all reasoning off, to rail,
Have not our high-church clergy made it,
Appear from scripture, which ye credit:
That *right divine* from heaven was lent,
To kings, that is, the parliament;
Their subjects to oppress and teaze,
And serve the devil when they please?
Did they not write, and pray, and preach,
And torture all the parts of speech;
About rebellion make a pother,
From one end of the land to th' other?
And yet gain'd fewer pros'lyte Whigs,
Than old St. Anth'ny[15] 'mongst the pigs;
And chang'd not half so many vicious,
As Austin when he preached to fishes;
Who throng'd to hear, the legend tells,
Were edified and wagg'd their tails;
But scarce you'd prove it, if you tried,
That e'er one Whig was edified.

Have ye not heard from parson Walter,[16]
Much dire presage of many a halter?
What warnings had ye of your duty
From our old rev'rend Sam. Auchmuty?[16]
From priests of all degrees and metres,
T' our fag-end man poor parson Peters?[16]
Have not our Cooper[17] and our Seabury,[18]
Sung hymns, like Barak and old Deborah;
Prov'd all intrigues to set you free,
Rebellion 'gainst *the pow'rs that be;*
Brought over many a scripture text
Thus us'd to wink at rebel sects:
Coax'd wayward ones to favour regents,
Or paraphraz'd them to obedience;
Prov'd ev'ry king, ev'n those confest
Horns of th' Apocalyptic beast,
And sporting from its noddles seven,
Ordain'd, as bishops are, by Heaven,
(For reasons sim'lar, we 're told,
That Tophet was ordain'd of old;)
By this lay ordination valid
Becomes all sanctified and hallow'd,
Takes patent out when Heaven has signed it,
And starts up strait the Lord's annointed;
Like extreme unction, that can cleanse
Each penitent from deadly sins,
Make them run glib, when oil'd by priest,
The heavenly road, like wheels new greas'd,
Serve them like shoe-ball, for defences
'Gainst wear and tear of consciences;
So king's anointment cleans by times,
Like fuller's earth, all spots of crimes;
For future knav'ries gives commissions,
Like papists sinning under license,

For heaven ordain'd the origin,
Divines declare, of pain and sin;
Prove such great good they both have done us,
Kind mercy 'twas they came upon us:
For without pain and sin and folly,
Man ne'er were blest, or wise, or holy;
And we should thank[19] the Lord 'tis so,
As authors grave wrote long ago.
Now heav'n its issues never brings,
Without the means, and these are kings;
And he who blames when they announce ills,
Would counteract the eternal councils.
As when the Jews, a murm'ring race,
By constant grumblings fell from grace,
Heav'n taught them first to know their distance,
By famine, slav'ry, and Philistines;
When these could no repentance bring,
In wrath it sent them last a king,
So nineteen, 'tis believ'd, in twenty
Of modern kings, for plagues are sent ye;
Nor can your cavillers pretend,
But that they answer well their end.
'Tis yours to yield to their command,
As rods in Providence's hand:
And if it means to send you pain,
You turn your noses up in vain:
Your only way's in peace to bear it,
And make necessity a merit.
Hence sure perdition must await,
The man who rises 'gainst the state;
Who meets at once the damning sentence,
Without one loop-hole for repentance;
E'en though he gain'd the royal see,
And rank among *the pow'rs that be:*

For hell is theirs, the scripture shows,
Who'er *the pow'rs that be*, oppose;
And all those pow'rs (I am clear that 'tis so)
Are damn'd forever, *ex officio*.

"Thus far our clergy; but 'tis true,
We lack'd not earthly reas'ners too.
Had I the poet's[20] brazen lungs,
As sound-board to his hundred tongues;
I could not half the scribblers muster,
That swarm'd round Rivington[21] in cluster;
Assemblies, councilmen, forsooth;
Brush, Cooper, Wilkins, Chandler, Booth;
Yet all their arguments and sap'ence,
You did not value at three half-pence.
Did not our Massachusettensis[22]
For your conviction strain his senses?
Scrawl every moment he could spare,
From cards and barbers and the fair;
Show clear as sun in noon-day heavens,
You did not feel a single grievance;
Demonstrate all your opposition,
Sprung from the eggs[23] of foul sedition;
Swear he had seen the nest she laid in,
And knew how long she had been sitting;
Could tell exact what strength of heat is
Required to hatch her out committees;
What shapes they take, and how much longer's
The space before they grow t' a Congress?
New white-washed Hutchinson, and varnish'd
Our Gage, who'd got a little tarnish'd;
Made 'em new masks in time, no doubt,
For Hutchinson's was quite worn out;

And while he muddled all his head,
You did not heed a word he said.
Did not our grave Judge Sewall[24] hit,
The summit of newspaper wit?
Fill'd every leaf of every paper,
Of Mills, and Hicks, and mother Draper;
Drew proclamations, works of toil,
In true sublime, of scare-crow style;
Wrote farces too, 'gainst sons of freedom,
All for your good, and none would read 'em;
Denounced damnation on their phrenzy,
Who died in Whig impenitency;
Affirm'd that Heaven would lend us aid,
As all our Tory writers said;
And calculated so its kindness,
He told the moment when it join'd us."

"'Twas then belike," Honorius cried,
"When you the public fast defied;
Refus'd to Heaven to raise a prayer,
Because you'd no connections there:
And since with rev'rend hearts and faces,
To governors you'd made addresses;
In them who made you Tories seeing,
You liv'd, and mov'd, and had your being;
Your humble vows you would not breathe,
To pow'rs you'd no acquaintance with."

"As for your fasts," replied our 'Squire,
"What circumstance could fasts require?
We kept them not, but 'twas no crime;—
We held them merely loss of time:
For what advantage firm and lasting,
Pray, did you ever get by fasting?

And what the gains that can arise,
From vows and off'rings to the skies?
Will heav'n reward with posts and fees,
Or send us tea, as consignees;[25]
Give pensions, sal'ries, places, bribes,
Or choose us judges, clerks, or scribes?
Has it commissions in its gift,
Or cash to serve us at a lift?
Are acts of parliament there made,
To carry on the placeman's trade;
Or has it pass'd a single bill
To let us plunder whom we will?
And look our list of placemen over;
Did Heav'n appoint our chief Judge Oliver?
Fill that high bench with ignoramus;
Or has its councils by mandamus?
Who made that wit of water-gruel,[26]
A Judge of Admiralty, Sewall?
And were they not mere earthly struggles,
That rais'd up Murray, say, and Ruggles?
Did Heav'n send down, our pains to med'cine,
That old simplicity of Edson;
Or by election pick out from us,
That Mansfield blund'rer, Nat. Ray Thomas?
Or had it any hand in serving,
A Loring, Pepp'rel, Browne, or Erving?

"Yet we've some saints, the very thing,
We'll put against the best you'll bring:
For, can the strongest fancy paint
Than Hutchinson a greater saint?
Was there a parson us'd to pray
At times more reg'lar—twice a day—

As folks exact have dinners got,
Whether they've appetites or not?
Was there a zealot more alarming,
'Gainst public vice to hold forth sermon?
Or fix'd at church, whose inward motion,
Roll'd up his eyes with more devotion?
What puritan could ever pray,
In godlier tone than treas'rer Gray?[27]
Or at town meeting speechify'ng,
Could utter more melodious whine,
And shut his eyes and vent his moan,
Like owl afflicted in the sun?
Who, once sent home, his canting rival,
Lord Dartmouth's self might out-bedrivel."

"Have you forgot," Honorius cried,
"How your prime saint the truth defied,[28]
Affirm'd he never wrote a line,
Your charter'd rights to undermine;
When his own letters then were by,
That proved his message all a lie?
How many promises he seal'd,
To get the oppressive acts repeal'd:
Yet, once arrived on England's shore,
Set on the premier to pass more?
But these are no defects we grant,
In a right loyal Tory saint;
Whose godlike virtues must with ease,
Atone such venal crimes as these:
Or ye perhaps in scripture spy,
A new commandment, "thou shalt lie;"
And if't be so, (as who can tell?)
There's no one, sure, ye keep so well."

Quoth he, "For lies and promise-breaking,
Ye need not be in such a taking;
For lying is, we know and teach,
The highest privilege of speech;
The universal magna charta,
To which all human race is party;
Whence children first, as David says,
Lay claim to 't in their earliest days;
The only stratagem in war,
Our gen'rals have occasion for;
The only freedom of the press,
Our politicians need in peace:
And 'tis a shame you wish t' abridge us,
Of these our darling privileges.
Thank heav'n, your shot have miss'd their aim,
For lying is no sin, or shame.

"As men, last wills may change again,
Though drawn in name of God, amen;
Be sure they must have much the more,
O'er promises as great a pow'r,
Which, made in haste, with small inspection,
So much the more will need correction;
And when they've careless spoke, or penn'd 'em.
Have right to look 'em o'er and mend 'em;
Revise their vows, or change the text,
By way of codicil annex'd,
Turn out a promise that was base,
And put a better in its place.
So Gage of late agreed, you know,
To let the Boston people go;
Yet when he saw, 'gainst troops that brav'd him,
They were the only guards that sav'd him;

Kept off that satan of a Putnam,
From breaking in to maul and mutt'n him:
He'd too much wit such leagues t' observe,
And shut them in again to starve.

"So Moses writes, when female Jews
Made oaths and vows unfit for use;
Their parents then might set them free,
From that consc'entious tyranny:
And shall men feel that spir'tual bondage,
For ever, when they grow beyond age;
Nor have pow'r their own oaths to change?
I think the tale were very strange.
Shall vows but bind the stout and strong,
And let go women weak and young;
As nets inclose the larger crew,
And let the smaller fry creep through;
Besides, the Whigs have all been set on,
The Tories to affright and threaten;
Till Gage, amidst his trembling fits,
Has hardly kept him in his wits;
And though he spoke with art and finesse,
'Tis said beneath *duress per minas.*
For we're in peril of our souls,
From feathers, tar, and lib'rty-poles:
And vows extorted are not binding,
In law, and so not worth the minding.
For we have in this hurly-burly,
Sent off our consciences on furlough;
Thrown our religion o'er in form,
Our ship to lighten in the storm.
Nor need we blush your Whigs before,
If we've no virtue, you've no more.

" Yet black with sins, would stain a mitre,
Rail ye at crimes by ten tints whiter?
And, stuff'd with choler atrabilious,
Insult us here for peccadilloes?
While all your vices run so high
That mercy scarce could find supply:
While, should you offer to repent,
You'd need more fasting days than Lent,
More groans than haunted church-yard valleys,
And more confessions than broad-alleys.[29]
I'll show you all at fitter time,
Th' extent and greatness of your crime?
And here demonstrate to your face,
Your want of virtue as of grace;
Evinc'd from topics old and recent,—
But thus much must suffice at present.
To the after portion of the day,
I leave what more remains to say;
When I've good hope you'll all appear,
More fitted and prepar'd to hear;
And griev'd for all your vile demeanour,—
But now 'tis time t' adjourn for dinner."

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

M'FINGAL.

CANTO SECOND.

THE TOWN MEETING, P. M.

The sun who never stops to dine,
Two hours had pass'd the mid-way line;
And driving at his usual rate,
Lash'd on his downward car of state;
And now expir'd the short vacation,
And dinner done in epic fashion;
While all the crew beneath the trees,
Eat pocket-pies or bread and cheese;
Nor shall we, like old Homer, care
To versify the bill of fare.
For now each party, feasted well,
Throng'd in, like sheep, at sound of bell;
With equal spirit took their places;—
And meeting op'd with three O yesses:
When first the daring Whigs t' oppose,
Again the great M'Fingal rose;

Stretch'd magisterial arm amain,
And thus assum'd th' accusing strain.

"Ye Whigs, attend, and hear, affrighted,
The crimes whereof ye stand indicted:
The sins and follies, past all compass,
That prove you guilty, or *non compos.*
I leave the verdict to your senses,
And jury of your consciences;
Which, though they're neither good nor true,
Must yet convict you and your crew.
Ungrateful sons! a factious band,
That rise against your parent land!
Ye viper race, that burst in strife,
The welcome womb that gave you life;
Tear with sharp fangs and forked tongue,
Th' indulgent bowels, whence you sprung;
And scorn the debt of obligation,
You justly owe the British nation,
Which since you cannot pay, your crew,
Affect to swear 'twas never due.

"Did not the deeds of England's primate[30]
First drive your fathers to this climate,
Whom jails, and fines, and ev'ry ill,
Forc'd to their good against their will?
Ye owe to their obliging temper,
The peopling your new-fangled empire;
While every British act and canon,
Stood forth, your *causa sine qua non.*
Did they not send you charters o'er,
And give you lands you own'd before;
Permit you all to spill your blood,
And drive out heathen where you could;

On these mild terms, that, conquest won,
The realm you gain'd should be their own?
Or when of late attack'd by those,
Whom her connexion made your foes,[31]
Did they not then, distrest in war,
Send gen'rals to your help from far;
Whose aid you own'd in terms less haughty,
And thankfully o'erpaid your quota?
Say, at what period did they grudge
To send you governor or judge;
With all their missionary crew,
To teach you law and gospel too?
Brought o'er all felons in the nation,
To help you on in population,
Propos'd their bishops to surrender,
And made their priests a legal tender;
Who only ask'd, in surplice clad,
The simple tythe of all you had:
And now to keep all knaves in awe,
Have sent their troops t' establish law;
And with gunpowder, fire, and ball,
Reform your people one and all.
Yet when their insolence and pride,
Have anger'd all the world beside;
When fear and want at once invade,
Can you refuse to lend them aid;
And rather risque your heads in fight,
Than gratefully throw in your mite?
Can they for debts make satisfaction,
Should they dispose their realm by auction;
And sell off Britain's goods and land all,
To France and Spain by inch of candle;
Shall good king George, with want opprest,
Insert his name in bankrupt list;

And shut up shop, like failing merchant,
That fear the bailiffs should make search in't?
With poverty shall princes strive,
And nobles, lack whereon to live;
Have they not rack'd their whole inventions,
To feed their brats on posts and pensions,
Made e'en Scotch friends with taxes groan,
And pick'd poor Ireland to the bone;
Yet have on hand, as well deserving,
Ten thousand bastards left for starving?
And can you now, with conscience clear,
Refuse them an asylum here?
Or not maintain, in manner fitting,
These genuine sons of mother Britain?
T' evade these crimes of blackest grain,
You prate of liberty in vain,
And strive to hide your vile designs,
With terms abstruse, like school-divines.

"Your boasted patriotism is scarce,
Your country's love is but a farce;
And after all the proofs you bring,
We Tories know there's no such thing;
Our English writers of great fame,
Prove public virtue but a name.
Hath not Dalrymple[32] show'd in print,
And Johnson[32] too, there's nothing in't?
Produc'd you demonstration ample,
From others' and their own example;
That self is still in either faction,
The only principle of action;
The loadstone, whose attracting tether
Keeps the politic world together:

And, spite of all your double-dealing,
We Tories know 'tis so, by feeling.

"Who heeds your babbling of transmitting,
Freedom to brats of your begetting;
Or will proceed as though there were a tie,
Or obligation to posterity?
We get 'em, bear 'em, breed and nurse,
What has posterity done for us;
That we, lest they their rights should lose,
Should trust our necks to gripe of noose?

"And who believes you will not run?
You're cowards, every mother's son;
And should you offer to deny,
We've witnesses to prove it by.
Attend th' opinion first, as referee,
Of your old gen'ral stout Sir Jeffery;
Who swore that with five thousand foot,
He'd route you all, and, in pursuit,
Run through the land as easily,
As camel through a needle's eye.
Did not the valiant colonel Grant,
Against your courage make his slant;
Affirm your universal failure,
In every principle of valour;
And swear no scamp'rers e'er could match you;
So swift, a bullet scarce could catch you?
And will ye not confess in this,
A judge most competent he is;
Well skill'd on runnings to decide,
As what himself has often tried?
'Twould not, methinks, be labour lost,
If you'd sit down and count the cost;

And ere you call your yankies out,
First think what work you've set about.
Have ye not rous'd his force to try on,
That grim old beast the British lion?
And know you not that at a sup,
He's large enough to eat you up?
Have you survey'd his jaws beneath,
Drawn inventories of his teeth;
Or have you weigh'd in even balance
His strength and magnitude of talons!
His roar would turn your boasts to fear,
As easily as sour small-beer;
And make your feet from dreadful fray,
By native instinct, run away.
Britain, depend on't, will take on her,
T' assert her dignity and honour;
And ere she'd lose your share of pelf,
Destroy your country, and herself.
For has not North declar'd, they fight
To gain substantial rev'nue by't;
Deni'd he'd ever deign to treat,
'Till on your knees, and at his feet?
And feel you not a trifling ague,
From Van's *delanda est Carthago?*[33]
For this, now Britain has come to't,
Think you she has not means to do't?
Has she not set to work all engines,
To spirit up the native Indians;
Sent on your backs a savage band,
With each a hatchet in his hand;
T' amuse themselves with scalping-knives,
And butcher children and your wives;
That she may boast again with vanity,
Her English national humanity?

(For now, in its primeval sense,
This term *human'ty*, comprehends,
All things of which, on this side hell,
The *human mind* is capable;
And thus 'tis well by writers sage,
Applied to Britain and to Gage.)
And on this work to raise allies,
She sent her duplicate of Guys,
To drive at diff'rent parts at once on,
Her stout Guy Carleton and Guy Johnson;
To each of whom, to send again' ye,
Old Guy of Warwick were a ninny;
Though the dun-cow he fell'd in war,
These kill-cows are his betters far.

"And has she not assay'd her notes,
To rouse your slaves to cut your throats;
Sent o'er ambassadors with guineas,
To bribe your blacks in Carolinas?
And has not Gage, her missionary,
Turn'd many an Afric slave t' a Tory;
And made th' Amer'can bishop See grow
By many a new-converted Negro?
As friends to gov'rment did not he
Their slaves at Boston late set free?
Enlist them all in black parade,
Set off with regimental red?
And were they not accounted then,
Among his very bravest men?
And when such means she stoops to take,
Think you she is not wide awake?
As Eliphaz' good man in Job,
Own'd num'rous allies through the globe;

Had brought the stones[34] along the street,
To ratify a cov'nant meet;
And ev'ry beast, from lice to lions,
To join in league of strict alliance;
Has she not cring'd, in spite of pride,
For like assistance, far and wide?
Was there a creature so despis'd,
Its aid she had not sought and priz'd?
Till all this formidable league rose,
Of Indians, British troops and Negroes:
And can you break these triple bands,
By all your workmanship of hands?"

"Sir," quoth Honorius, "we presume,
You guess from past feats, what's to come;
And from the mighty deeds of Gage,
Foretel how fierce the war he'll wage.
You doubtless recollected here,
The annals of his first great year;
While wearing out the Tories' patience,
He spent his breath in proclamations;
While all his mighty noise and vapour,
Was us'd in wrangling upon paper;
And boasted military feats,
Clos'd in the straining of his wits;
While troops in Boston commons plac'd,
Laid nought but quires of paper waste;
While strokes alternate stunn'd the nation,
Protest, address, and proclamation;
And speech met speech, fib clash'd with fib,
And Gage still answer'd squib for squib.

"Though this not all his time was lost on,
He fortifi'd the town of Boston;

Built breast-works that might lend assistance,
To keep the patriots at a distance;
(For howsoe'er the rogues might scoff,
He liked them best, the farthest off;)
Of mighty use and help to aid,
His courage when he felt afraid;
And whence right off, in manful station,
He'd boldly pop his proclamation.
Our hearts must in our bosoms freeze,
At such heroic deeds as these."

"Vain," quoth our 'Squire, "you'll find to sneer,
At Gage's first triumphant year;
For Providence, dispos'd to teaze us,
Can use what instruments it pleases.
To pay a tax, at Peter's wish,
His chief cashier was once a fish;
An ass in Balaam's sad disaster,
Turn'd orator and sav'd his master;
A goose plac'd cent'ry on his station,
Preserv'd old Rome from desolation;
An English bishop's[35] cur of late
Disclos'd rebellions 'gainst the state;
So frogs croak'd Pharaoh to repentance,
And lice revers'd the threat'ning sentence:
And heav'n can ruin you at pleasure,
By our scorn'd Gage as well as Cæsar.
Yet did our hero in these days,
Pick up some laurel wreaths of praise.
And as the statuary of Seville,
Made his crack'd saint an exc'llent devil;
So though our war few triumphs brings,
We gain'd great fame in other things.

Did not our troops show much discerning,
And skill, your various arts in learning?
Outwent they not each native noodle
By far, in playing Yankee-Doodle?
Which, as 'twas your New-England tune,
'Twas marvellous they took so soon:
And ere the war was fully through,
Did not they learn to foot it too—
And such a dance as ne'er was known,
For twenty miles on end led down?[36]
Was there a yankey trick you knew,
They did not play as well as you?
Did they not lay their heads together,
And gain your art to tar and feather,
When col'nel Nesbitt through the town,
In triumph bore the country-clown?
Oh, what a glorious work to sing,
The vet'ran troops of Britain's king.
Advent'ring for th' heroic laurel,
With bag of feathers and tar-barrel!
To paint the cart where culprits ride,
And Nesbitt marching at its side,[37]
Great executioner and proud,
Like hangman high on Holborn road;
And o'er the bright triumphal car
The waving ensigns of the war!
As when a triumph Rome decreed,
For great Calig'la's valiant deed,
Who had subdu'd the British seas,
By gath'ring cockles from their base;
In pompous car the conqu'ror bore,
His captiv'd scallops from the shore;
Ovations gain'd his crabs for fetching,
And mighty feats of oyster catching:

O'er Yankies thus the war begun,
They tarr'd and triumph'd over one;
And fought and boasted through the season,
With might as great, and equal reason.

"Yet thus though skill'd in vict'ry's toils,
They boast, not unexpert in wiles.
For gain'd they not an equal fame in
The art of secrecy and scheming;
In stratagems show'd mighty force,
And moderniz'd the Trojan horse;
Play'd o'er again those tricks Ulyssean,
In their fam'd Salem expedition?
For as that horse, the poets tell ye,
Bore Grecian armies in his belly;
Till, their full reck'ning run, with joy
Their Sinon midwif'd them in Troy;
So in one ship was Leslie bold,
Cramm'd with three hundred men in hold;
Equipp'd for enterprise and sail,
Like Jonas stow'd in womb of whale.
To Marblehead in depth of night,
The cautious vessel wing'd her flight.
And now the Sabbath's silent day,
Call'd all your Yankies off to pray:
Remov'd each prying jealous neighbour,
The scheme and vessel fell in labour;
Forth from its hollow womb pour'd hast'ly,
The myrmidons of col'nel Leslie:
Not thicker o'er the blacken'd strand,
The frogs'[38] detachment rush'd to land;
Equipp'd by onset or surprise,
To storm the entrenchment of the mice.

Through Salem straight without delay,
The bold battalion took its way ;
March'd o'er a bridge in open sight,
Of sev'ral Yankies arm'd for fight ;
Then without loss of time, or men,
Veer'd round for Boston back again ;
And found so well their projects thrive,
That every soul got home alive.

" Thus Gage's arms did fortune bless,
With triumph, safety, and success :
But mercy is, without dispute,
His first and darling attribute :
So great it far outwent and conquer'd,
His military skill at Concord.
There, when the war he chose to wage,
Shone the benevolence of Gage :
Sent troops to that ill-omen'd place,
On errands mere of special grace ;
And all the work he chose them for,
Was to prevent[39] a civil war :
And for that purpose he projected,
The only certain way t' effect it ;
To take your powder, stores, and arms,
And all your means of doing harms :
As prudent folks take knives away,
Lest children cut themselves at play.
And yet, though this was all his scheme,
This war you still will charge on him ;
And though he oft has swore, and said it,
Stick close to facts, and give no credit.
Think you he wish'd you'd brave and beard him?
Why, 'twas the very thing that scar'd him.

He'd rather you should all have run,
Than staid to fire a single gun.
And for the civil war you lament,
Faith, you yourselves must take the blame in't,
For had you then as he intended,
Giv'n up your arms, it must have ended.
Since that's no war, each mortal knows,
Where one side only gives the blows,
And th' other bears 'em; on reflection,
The most you'll call it, is correction.
Nor could the contest have gone higher,
If you had ne'er return'd the fire;
But when you shot and not before,
It then commenc'd a civil war.
Else Gage, to end this controversy,
Had but corrected you in mercy;
Whom mother Britain, old and wise,
Sent o'er the colonies to chastise;
Command obedience on their peril,
Of ministerial whip and ferule;
And since they ne'er could come of age,
Govern'd and tutor'd them by Gage.
Still more, that this was all their errand,
The army's conduct makes apparent;
What though at Lexington you can say,
They kill'd a few they did not fancy;
At Concord then with manful popping,
Discharg'd a round, the ball to open;
Yet when they saw, your rebel-rout,
Determin'd still to hold it out;
Did they not show their love to peace,
And wish that discord straight might cease;
Demonstrate, and by proofs uncommon,
Their orders were, to injure no man?

For did not ev'ry reg'lar[40] run,
As soon as e'er you fir'd a gun?
Take the first shot you sent them greeting,
As meant their signal for retreating—
And fearful if they staid to sport,
You might by accident be hurt;
Convey themselves with speed away,
Full twenty miles in half a day—
Race, till their legs were grown so weary,
They'd scarce suffice their weight to carry?
Whence Gage extols, from gen'ral hearsay,
The great activity of Lord Percy;[41]
Whose brave example led them on,
And spirited the troops to run;
And now may boast at Royal levees,
A Yankey chase worth forty chevys.
Yet you as vile as they were kind,
Pursu'd like tigers close behind;
Fir'd on them at your will, and shut
The town; as though you'd starve them out:
And with parade prepost'rous hedg'd,[42]
Affect to hold them there besieg'd;
(Though Gage, whom proclamations call,
Your gov'nor and vice-admiral;
Whose pow'r gubernatorial skill,
Extends as far as Bunker's-Hill—
Whose admiralty reaches clever,
Near half a mile up Mystic river;
Whose naval force commands the seas,
Can run away whene'er he please)
Scar'd troops of Tories into town,
And burnt their hay and houses down;
And menac'd Gage unless he'd flee,
To drive him headlong to the sea;

As once to faithless Jews a sign,
The de'il turn'd hog-reeve, did the swine.

" But now your triumphs all are o'er,
For see, from Britain's angry shore;
With mighty hosts of valour, join,
Her Howe, her Clinton, and Burgoyne.
As comets through th' affrighted skies,
Pour baleful ruin, as they rise;
As Ætna with infernal roar,
In conflagration sweeps the shore;
Or as Abijah White,[43] when sent,
Our Marsheld friends to represent;
Himself while dread array involves,
Commissions, pistols, swords, resolves,
In awful pomp descending down,
Bore terror on the factious town:
Not with less glory and affright,
Parade these gen'rals forth to fight.
No more each reg'lar col'nel runs,[44]
From whizzing beetles, as air-guns;
Thinks horn-bugs bullets—or, through fears,
Muskitoes takes for musqueteers;
Nor 'scapes, as though you'd gain'd allies,
From Beelzebub's whole host of flies.
No bug their warlike heart appals,
They better know the sound of balls.
I hear the din of battle bray,
The trump of horror marks its way.
I see afar the sack of cities,
The gallows strung with Whig-committees;
Your moderators trick'd like vermin,
And gate-posts grac'd with heads of chairmen;

Your gen'rals for wave-off'rings hanging,
And ladders throng'd with priests haranguing.
What pill'ries glad the Tories' eyes
With patriot-ears for sacrifice!
What whipping-posts your chosen race,
Admit successive in embrace;
While each bears off his crimes, alack!
Like Bunyan's pilgrim, on his back!
Where then when Tories scarce get clear,
Shall Whigs and Congresses appear?
What rocks and mountains shall you call,
To wrap you over with their fall;
And save your heads, in these sad weathers,
From fire and sword, and tar and feathers!
For lo, with British troops, tar bright,
Again our Nesbitt heaves in sight!
He comes, he comes, your lines to storm,
And rig your troops in uniform!
To meet such heroes, will ye brag,
With fury arm'd and feather-bag;
Who wield their missile pitch and tar,
With engines new in British war?

"Lo, where our mighty navy brings,
Destruction on her canvass wings;
While through the deeps her potent thunder,
Shall sound th' alarm to rob and plunder!
As Phœbus first, (so Homer speaks)
When he march'd out to attack the Greeks,
'Gainst mules sent forth his arrows fatal,
And slew th' auxiliaries, their cattle;
So where our ships shall stretch the keel,
What conquer'd oxen shall they steal!

What heroes, rising from the deep,
Invade your marshall'd hosts of sheep!
Disperse whole troops of horse, and, pressing,
Make cows surrender at discretion;
Attack your hens, like Alexanders,
And reg'ments rout of geese and ganders;
Or, where united arms combine,
Lead captive many a herd of swine!
Then rush in dreadful fury down,
To fire on ev'ry sea-port town;
Display their glory and their wits,
Fright unarmed children into fits,
And stoutly from th' unequal fray,
Make many a woman run away!
And can ye doubt, when'er we please,
Our chiefs shall boast such deeds as these!
Have we not chiefs, transcending far,
The old fam'd *thunderbolts of war;*
Beyond the brave romantic fighters,
Styl'd *swords of death* by novel-writers?
Nor in romancing ages e're rose,
So terrible a tier of heroes.
From Gage, what flashes fright the waves!
How loud a blunderbuss is Graves![45]
Now Newport dreads the blust'ring sallies.
That thunder from our pop-gun, Wallace![45]
While noise, in formidable strains
Spouts from his thimble-full of brains!
I see you sink with aw'd surprise!
I see our tory brethren rise!
And as the sect'ries Sandemanian,[46]
Our friends, describe their wish'd millennium;
Tell how the world, in every region,
At once, shall own their true religion;

For heav'n with plagues of awful dread,
Shall knock all heretics o'er the head;
And then their church, the meek in spirit,
The earth, as promis'd, shall inherit,
From the dead wicked, as heirs-male,
The next remainder-men in tail:
Such ruin shall the Whigs oppress!
Such spoils our Tory friends shall bless!
While confiscation at command,
Shall stalk in horror through the land;
Shall give your Whig estates away,
And call our brethren in to play.

"And can ye doubt or scruple more,
These things are near you at the door;
Behold! for though to reas'ning blind,
Signs of the times ye sure might mind;
And view impending fate as plain,
As ye'd foretel a show'r of rain.

"Hath not heav'n warn'd you what must ensue,
And Providence declar'd against you;
Hung forth its dire portents of war,
By signs[47] and beacons in the air;
Alarm'd old women, all around,
By fearful noises under ground;
While earth, for many dozen leagues,
Groan'd with her dismal load of Whigs?
Was there a meteor far and wide,
But muster'd on the Tory-side?
A star, malign, that has not bent
Its aspect for the Parliament,
Foreboding your defeat and misery,—
As once they fought against old Sisera?

Was there a cloud that spread the skies,
But bore our armies of allies?
While dreadful hosts of fire stood forth,
Mid baleful glimm'rings from the north;[48]
Which plainly shews which part they join'd,
For North's the minister, ye mind;
Whence oft your quibblers in gazettes,
On *northern blasts* have strain'd their wits;
And think ye not the clouds know how,
To make the pun as well as you!
Did there arise an apparition,
But grinn'd forth ruin to sedition;
A death watch, but has join'd our leagues,
And click'd destruction to the Whigs?
Heard ye not, when the wind was fair,
At night, our or'tors in the air;
That, loud as admiralty libel,
Read awful chapters from the bible;
And death and deviltry denounc'd,
And told you, how you'd soon be trounc'd;
I see, to join our conqu'ring side,
Heav'n, earth, and hell, at once ally'd!
See from your overthrow and end,
The Tories' paradise ascend;
Like that new world that claims its station,
Beyond the final conflagration!
I see the day, that lots your share,
In utter darkness and despair;
The day of joy, when North, our lord,
His faithful servants shall reward!
No Tory then shall set before him,
Small wish of 'squire, or justice Quorum;
But, 'fore his unmistaken eyes,
See lordships, posts and pensions rise.

Awake to gladness, then, ye Tories,
Th' unbounded prospect lies before us:
The pow'r display'd in Gage's banners,
Shall cut Amer'can land to manors;
And o'er our happy, conquer'd ground,
Dispense estates and titles round.
Behold the world will stare at new sets,
Of home-made earls,[49] in Massachusetts;
Admire, array'd in ducal tassels,
Your Ol'vers, Hutchinsons and Vassals;
See, join'd in ministerial work,
His grace of Albany and York!
What lordships from each carv'd estate,
On our New York assembly wait!
What titled Jauncys,[50] Gales and Billops;
Lord Brush, lord Wilkins, and lord Phillips;
In wide-sleev'd pomp of godly guise,
What solemn rows of bishops rise!
Aloft a card'nal's hat is spread,
O'er punster Cooper's[51] rev'rend head!
In Vardell, that poetic zealot,
I view a lawn-bedizen'd prelate!
While mitres fall, as 'tis their duty,
On heads of Chandler and Auchmuty!
Knights, viscounts, barons, shall ye meet,
As thick as pavements in the street!
Ev'n I, perhaps, heav'n speed my claim,
Shall fix a *Sir* before my name.
For titles all our foreheads ache;
For what blest changes can they make!
Place rev'rence, grace, and excellence,
Where neither claim'd the least pretence:
Transform by patent's magic words,
Men, likest devils, into lords;

Whence commoners, to peers translated,
Are justly said to be *created!*
Now where commissioners ye saw,
Shall boards of nobles deal you law!
Long rob'd comptrollers judge your rights,
And tide-waiters start up in knights!
While Whigs subdu'd in slavish awe,
Our wood shall hew, our water draw;
And bless that mildness, when past hope,
Which sav'd their necks from noose of rope.
For as to gain assistance, we
Design their negroes to set free;
For Whigs, when we enough shall bang 'em,
Perhaps 'tis better not to hang 'em;
Except their chiefs; the vulgar knaves,
Will do more good preserv'd for slaves."

"'Tis well," Honorius cried, "your scheme
Has painted out a pretty dream.
We can't confute your second sight;
We shall be slaves and you a knight;
These things must come: but I divine
They'll come not in your day, nor mine.
But O! my friends, my brethren, hear,
And turn for once the attentive ear;
Ye see how prompt to aid our woes,
The tender mercies of our foes;
Ye see with what unvaried rancour,
Still for our blood their minions hanker;
Nor aught can sate their mad ambition,
From us, but death, or worse, submission.
Shall these then riot in our spoil,
Reap the glad harvest of our toil;

Rise from their country's ruin proud,
And roll their chariot wheels in blood?
And can ye sleep while high outspread,
Hangs desolation o'er your head?
See Gage, with inauspicious star,
Has op'd the gates of civil war;
When streams of gore from freemen slain,
Encrimson'd Concord's fatal plain;
Whose warning voice, with awful sound,
Still cries like Abel's, from the ground;
And heav'n, attentive to its call,
Shall doom the proud oppressor's fall.

"Rise then, ere ruin swift surprise,
To victory, to vengeance rise!
Hark! how the distant din alarms!
The echoing trumpet breathes, to arms!
From provinces, remote afar,
The sons of glory rouse to war;
'Tis freedom calls; th' enraptur'd sound
The Apalachian hills rebound;
The Georgian shores her voice shall hear,
And start from lethargies of fear.
From the parch'd zone, with glowing ray,
Where pours the sun intenser day;
To shores where icy waters roll,
And tremble to the dusky pole;
Inspir'd by freedom's heav'nly charms,
United nations wake to arms.
The star of conquest lights their way,
And guides their vengeance on their prey.—
Yes, though tyrannic force oppose,
Still shall they triumph o'er their foes;

Till heav'n the happy land shall bless,
With safety, liberty, and peace.

"And ye, whose souls of dastard mould,
Start at the brav'ry of the bold;
To love your country who pretend,
Yet want all spirit to defend;
Who feel your fancies so prolific,
Engend'ring vision'd whims terrific;
O'er-run with horrors of coercion,
Fire, blood, and thunder in reversion;
King's standards, pill'ries, confiscations,
And Gage's scare-crow proclamations;
With all the trumpery of fear,
Hear bullets whizzing in your rear;
Who scarce could rouse, if caught in fray,
Presence of mind to run away;
See nought but halters rise to view
In all your dreams (and dreams are true;)
And while these phantoms haunt your brains,
Bow down the willing neck to chains.
Heav'ns! are ye sons of sires so great,
Immortal in the fields of fate;
Who brav'd all deaths by land or sea,
Who bled, who conquer'd to be free!
Hence! coward souls, the worst disgrace
Of our forefathers' valiant race;
Hie homeward from the glorious field;
There turn the wheel, the distaff wield;
Act what ye are, nor dare to stain
The warrior's arms with touch profane:
There beg your more heroic wives,
To guard your children and your lives;

Beneath their aprons find a screen,
Nor dare to mingle more with men."

As thus he said, the Tories' anger,
Could now restrain itself no longer;
Who tried before by many a freak, or
Insulting noise, to stop the speaker;
Swung th' unoil'd hinge of each pew door;
Their feet kept shuffling on the floor:
Made their disapprobation known,
By many a murmur, hum, and groan;
That to his speech supplied the place,
Of counter part in thorough-bass:
As bag-pipes, while the tune they breathe,
Still drone and grumble underneath;
Or as the fam'd Demosthenes,
Harangu'd the rumbling of the seas;
Held forth, with eloquence full grave,
To audience loud of wind and wave!
And had a stiller congregation,
Than Tories are, to hear th' oration.
But now the storm grew high and louder,
As nearer thund'rings of a cloud are;
And every soul with heart and voice,
Supplied his quota of the noise;
Each list'ning ear was set on torture,
Each Tory bell'wing out, to order:
And some, with tongue not low or weak,
Were clam'ring fast for leave to speak;
The moderator, with great vi'lence,
The cushion thump'd, with "silence! silence!"
The constable to ev'ry prater,
Bawl'd out, "Pray hear the moderator!"

Some call'd the vote, and some, in turn,
Were screaming high, "adjourn, adjourn."
Not chaos heard such jars and clashes,
When all the el'ments fought for places.
Each bludgeon soon for blows was tim'd;
Each fist stood ready cock'd and prim'd;
The storm each moment louder grew;
His sword the great M'Fingal drew;
Prepar'd in either chance to share,
To keep the peace, or aid the war.
Nor lack'd they each poetic being,
Whom bards alone are skill'd in seeing;
Plum'd victory stood perch'd on high,
Upon the pulpit-canopy;
To join, as is her custom tried,
Like Indians, on the strongest side;
The destinies, with shears and distaff,
Drew near, their threads of life to twist off;
The furies 'gan to feast on blows,
And broken heads or bloody nose;
When on a sudden, from without,
Arose a loud terrific shout:
And straight the people all at once heard,
Of tongues an universal concert;
Like Æsop's times, as fable runs,
When ev'ry creature talk'd at once;
Or like the variegated gabble,
That craz'd the carpenters of Babel.
Each party soon forgot the quarrel,
And let the other go on parol:
Eager to know what fearful matter,
Had conjur'd up such gen'ral clatter;
And left the church in thin array,
As though it had been lecture day.

Our 'Squire M'Fingal straight way beckon'd,
The constable to stand his second;
And sallied forth, with aspect fierce,
The crowd assembled to disperse.
The moderator, out of view,
Beneath a bench had lain perdue:
Peep'd up his head to view the fray,
Beheld the wranglers run away;
And, left alone, with solemn face,
Adjourn'd them without time or place.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

M'FINGAL.

CANTO THIRD.

THE LIBERTY POLE.

Now, arm'd with ministerial ire,
Fierce sallied forth our loyal 'Squire;
And on his striding steps attends,
His desp'rate clan of Tory friends:
When sudden met his angry eye,
A pole ascending through the sky:
Which num'rous throngs of Whiggish race,
Were raising in the market place;
Not higher school boys' kites aspire,
Or royal mast, or country spire;
Like spears at Brobdignagian tilting,
Or Satan's walking staff in Milton;
And on its top the flag unfurl'd,
Wav'd triumph o'er the prostrate world,
Inscrib'd with inconsistent types,
Of *liberty* and *thirteen stripes.*

Beneath, the crowd, without delay,
The dedication rites essay ;
And gladly pay in ancient fashion,
The ceremonies of libation :
While briskly to each patriot lip.
Walks eager round the inspiring flip :[52]
Delicious draught, whose pow'rs inherit,
The quintessence of public spirit !
Which whoso tastes, perceives his mind
To nobler politics refin'd.
Or rous'd for martial controversy,
As from transforming cups of Circe :
Or warm'd with Homer's nectar'd liquor,
That fill'd the veins of gods with ichor.
At hand for new supplies in store,
The tavern opes its friendly door,
Whence to and fro the waiters run,
Like bucket-men, at fires in town.
Then with three shouts that tore the sky,
'Tis consecrate to liberty :
To guard it from th' attacks of Tories,
A grand committee cull'd of four is ;
Who, foremost on the patriot spot,
Had bought the flip, and paid the shot.

By this M'Fingal, with his train,
Advanc'd upon th' adjacent plain,
And fierce, with loyal rage possess'd,
Pour'd fourth the zeal that fir'd his breast.
" What mad-brain'd rebel gave commission,
To raise this may-pole of sedition ?
Like Babel rear'd by bawling throngs,
With like confusion, too, of tongues ;
To point at heav'n, and summon down
The thunders of the British crown ?

Say will this paltry pole secure
Your forfeit heads from Gage's pow'r?
Attack'd by heroes, brave and crafty,
Is this to stand your ark of safety?
Or, driv'n by Scottish laird and laddie,
Think ye to rest beneath its shadow?
When bombs, like fiery serpents, fly,
And balls move hissing through the sky,
Will this vile pole, devote to freedom,
Save like the Jewish pole in Edom,
Or, like the brazen snake of Moses,
Cure your crack'd skulls and batter'd noses?
Ye dupes to every factious rogue,
Or tavern prating demagogue,
Whose tongue but rings, with sound more full,
On th' empty drumhead of his skull;
Behold you not what noisy fools,
Use you, worse simpletons, for tools?
For liberty in your own by-sense,
Is but for crimes a patent license,
To break of law th' Egyptian yoke,
And throw the world in common stock;
Reduce all grievances and ills,
To magna charta of your wills;
Establish cheats, and frauds and nonsense,
Fram'd by the model of your conscience;
Cry justice down, as out of fashion,
And fix its scale of depreciation;[53]
Defy all creditors to trouble ye,
And pass new years of Jewish jubilee;
Drive judges out, like Aaron's calves,
By jurisdiction of white staves,
And make the bar, and bench, and steeple,
Submit t' our sov'reign lord, the people;

Assure each knave his whole assets,
By gen'ral amnesty of debts;
By plunder rise to pow'r and glory,
And brand all property as Tory:
Expose all wares to lawful seizures
Of mobbers and monopolizers;
Break heads, and windows, and the peace,
For your own int'rest and increase;
Dispute, and pray, and fight, and groan,
For public good, and mean your own;
Prevent the laws, by fierce attacks,
From quitting scores upon your backs;
Lay your old dread, the gallows, low,
And seize the stocks, your ancient foe;
And turn them as covenient engines,
To wreak your patriotic vengeance;
While all, your claims who understand,
Confess they're in the owner's hand;
And when by clamours and confusions,
Your freedom's grown a public nuisance;
Cry, *liberty*, with pow'rful yearning,
As he does *fire*, whose house is burning;
Though he already has much more,
Than he can find occasion for,
While ev'ry dunce, that turns the plains,
Though bankrupt in estate and brains,
By this new light transform'd to traitor,
Forsakes his plough, to turn dictator,
Starts an haranguing chief of Whigs,
And drags you by the ears like pigs.
All bluster, arm'd with factious license,
Transform'd at once to politicians;
Each leather-apron'd clown, grown wise,
Presents his forward face t' advise,

And tatter'd legislators meet
From ev'ry workshop through the street;
His goose the tailor finds new use in,
To patch and turn the constitution;
The blacksmith comes with sledge and grate,
To iron-bind the wheels of state,
The quack forbears his patient souse,
To purge the council and the house;
The tinker quits his moulds and doxies,
To cast assembly-men at proxies,
From dunghills deep of sable hue,
Your dirt bred patriots spring to view;
To wealth and pow'r and pension rise,
Like new wing'd maggots chang'd to flies;
And flutt'ring round in proud parade,
Strut in the robe or gay cockade.

Hiatus.[54]

For in this ferment of the stream,
The dregs have work'd up to the brim,
And by the rule of topsy-turveys,
The scum stands swelling on the surface.
You've caus'd your pyramid t' ascend,
And set it on the little end:
Like Hudibras, your empire's made,
Whose crupper had o'er-topp'd his head;
You've push'd and turn'd the whole world up-
Side down, and got yourselves a-top:
While all the great ones of your state,
Are crush'd beneath the pop'lar weight;
Nor can you boast this present hour,
The shadow of the form of pow'r.
For what's your congress,[55] or its end?
A pow'r to advise and recommend;

To call for troops, adjust your quotas,
And yet no soul is bound to notice;
To pawn your faith to th' utmost limit,
But cannot bind you to redeem it;
And, when in want, no more in them lies,
Than begging of your state assemblies;
Can utter oracles of dread,
Like friar Bacon's brazen head;
But should a faction e'er dispute 'em,
Has ne'er an arm to execute them.
As though you choose supreme dictators,
And put them under conservators;
You've but pursued the self-same way,
With Shakspeare's Trinclo in the play;
"You shall be viceroys, here, 'tis true,
But we'll be viceroys over you."
What wild confusion hence must ensue,
Though common danger yet cements you?
So some wreck'd vessel, all in shatters,
Is held up by surrounding waters,
But stranded, when the pressure ceases,
Falls by its rottenness to pieces:
And fall it must—if wars were ended,
You'll ne'er have sense enough to mend it;
But creeping on with low intrigues,
Like vermin of an hundred legs,
Will find as short a life assign'd,
As all things else of reptile kind.
Your commonwealth's a common harlot,
The property of ev'ry varlet,
Which now in taste and full employ,
All sorts admire, as all enjoy;
But soon, a batter'd strumpet grown,
You'll curse and drum her out of town,

Such is the government you choose:
For this you bade the world be foes:
For this, so mark'd for dissolution,
You scorn the British constitution;
That constitution form'd by sages,
The wonder of all modern ages:
Which owns no failure in reality,
Except corruption and venality;
And only proves the adage just,
That best things spoil'd corrupt the worst.
So man supreme, in mortal station,
And mighty lord of this creation,
When once his course is dead as herring,
Becomes the most offensive carrion,
And sooner breeds the plague, 'tis found,
Than all beasts rotting 'bove the ground.
Yet for this gov'rnment to dismay us,
You've call'd up anarchy from Chaos,
With all the followers of her school,
Uproar, and rage, and wild misrule;
For whom this rout of Whigs distracted,
And ravings dire of ev'ry crack'd head;
These new-cast legislative engines,
Of country musters and conventions;
Committees vile of correspondence,
And mobs, whose tricks have almost undon's;
While reason fails to check your course,
And loyalty's kick'd out of doors;
And folly, like inviting landlord,
Hoists on your poles her royal standard.
While the king's friends, in doleful dumps,
Have worn their courage to the stumps,
And leaving George in sad disaster,
Most sinfully deny'd their master.

What furies rag'd when you in sea,
In shape of Indians, drown'd the tea ;[56]
When your gay sparks, fatigu'd to watch it,
Assum'd the moggison and hatchet,
With wampum'd blankets hid their laces,
And, like their sweethearts, prim'd their faces :
While not a red-coat dar'd oppose,
And scarce a Tory show'd his nose ;
While Hutchinson, for sure retreat,
Manœuvred to his country seat ;
And thence affrighted in the suds,
Stole off bareheaded through the woods !
Have you not rous'd your mobs to join,
And make mandamus-men resign ;
Call'd forth each duffil-dress'd curmudgeon,
With dirty trowsers and white bludgeon ;
Forc'd all our councils through the land,
To yield their necks to your command ;
While paleness marks their late disgraces,
Through all their rueful length of faces ?
Have you not caus'd as woful work,
In loyal city of New-York ;[57]
When all the rabble, well cockaded,
In triumph through the streets paraded ;
And mobb'd the Tories, scar'd their spouses,
And ransack'd all the custom-houses ;
Made such a tumult, bluster, jarring,
That, mid the clash of tempests warring,
Smith's weathercock, with veers forlorn,[58]
Could hardly tell which way to turn ;
Burnt effigies of the higher powers,
Contriv'd in planetary hours ;
As witches, with clay images,
Destroy or torture whom they please ;

Till fir'd with rage, th' ungrateful club,
Spar'd not your best friend, Beelzebub;
O'erlook'd his favours, and forgot
The rev'rence due t' his cloven foot,
And in the self-same furnace frying,
Burn'd him, and North, and Bute, and Tryon?[59]
Did you not in as vile and shallow way,
Fright our poor Philadelphian, Galloway,[60]
Your congress when the daring ribald
Belied, berated, and bescribbled;
What ropes and halters did you send,
Terrific emblems of his end;
Till, lest he'd hang in more than effigy,
Fled in a fog the trembling refugee?
Now rising in progression fatal,
Have you not ventur'd to give battle?
When treason chac'd our heroes troubled,
With rusty gun and leathern doublet;
Turn'd all stone walls, and groves, and bushes,
To batt'ries arm'd with blunderbusses;
And with deep wounds, that fate portend,
Gall'd many a reg'lar's latter end;
Drove them to Boston, as in jail,
Confin'd without mainprize or bail;
Were not these deeds enough betimes,
To heap the measure of your crimes;
But in this loyal town and dwelling,
You raise these ensigns of rebellion?
'Tis done; fair mercy shuts her door,
And vengeance now shall sleep no more;
Rise then, my friends, in terror rise,
And wipe this scandal from the skies;
You'll see their Dagon, though well jointed,
Will sink before the Lord's anointed;

And like old Jericho's proud wall,
Before our ram's horns prostrate fall."

This said our 'Squire, yet undismay'd,
Call'd forth the constable to aid;
And bade him read, in nearer station,
The riot-act and proclamation;[61]
Who, now advancing tow'rd the ring,
Began, "Our sovereign lord the king"—
When thousand clam'rous tongues he hears,
And clubs and stones assail his ears;
To fly was vain, to fight was idle,
By foes encompass'd in the middle;
In stratagem his aid he found,
And fell right craftily to ground;
Then crept to seek an hiding place,
'Twas all he could, beneath a brace:
Where soon the conqu'ring crew espied him,
And where he lurk'd, they caught and tied him.

At once with resolution fatal,
Both Whigs and Tories rush'd to battle;
Instead of weapons either band
Seiz'd on such arms as came to hand.
And as fam'd Ovid[62] paints the adventures,
Of wrangling Lapithæ and Centaurs,
Who at their feast, by Bacchus led,
Threw bottles at each other's head,
And these arms failing in their scuffles,
Attack'd with handirons, tongs, and shovels;
So clubs and billets, staves and stones,
Met fierce, encountering every sconce,
And cover'd o'er with knobs and pains
Each void receptacle for brains;

Their clamours rend the hills around,
The earth, rebellows with the sound;
And many a groan increas'd the din,
From broken nose and batter'd shin.
M'Fingal rising at the word,
Drew forth his old militia sword;
Thrice cried, "King George," as erst in distress,
Romancing heroes did their mistress;
And brandishing the blade in air,
Struck terror through th' opposing war,
The Whigs, unsafe within the wind,
Of such commotion, shrunk behind.
With whirling steel around address'd,
Fierce through their thickest throng he press'd,
(Who roll'd on either side in arch,
Like red-sea waves in Israel's march.)
And like a meteor rushing through,
Struck on their pole a vengeful blow.
Around, the Whigs, of clubs and stones
Discharg'd whole vollies in platoons,
That o'er in whistling terror fly;
But not a foe dares venture nigh.
And now, perhaps, with conquest crown'd,
Our 'squire had fell'd their pole to ground,
Had not some pow'r, a Whig at heart,
Descended down and took their part;
(Whether 'twere Pallas, Mars, or Iris,
'Tis scare worth while to make enquiries,)
Who at the nick of time alarming,
Assum'd the graver form of chairman;
Address'd a Whig, in every scene,
The stoutest wrestler on the green;
And pointed where the spade was found,
Late us'd to fix the pole in ground;

And urg'd with equal arms and might,
To dare our 'squire to single fight.[63]
The Whig, thus arm'd untaught to yield,
Advanc'd tremendous to the field;
Nor did M'Fingal shun the foe,
But stood to brave the desp'rate blow,
While all the party gaz'd, suspended,
To see the deadly combat ended.
And Jove in equal balance weigh'd,
The sword against the brandish'd spade;
He weigh'd; but lighter than a dream,
The sword flew up and kick'd the beam.
Our 'squire on tiptoe rising fair,
Lifts high a noble stroke in air;
Which hung not, but like dreadful engines,
Descended on the foe in vengence.
But ah! in danger with dishonour,
The sword perfidious fails its owner:
That sword, which oft had stood its ground,
By huge train bands[64] encompass'd round;
Or on the bench, with blade right loyal,
Had won the day at many a trial,
Of stones and clubs had brav'd th' alarms,
Shrunk from these new vulcanian arms.
The spade so temper'd from the sledge,
Nor keen nor solid harm'd its edge;
Now met it from its arm of might,
Descending with steep force to smite;
The blade snapped short—and from his hand,
With rust embrown'd the glitt'ring sand.
Swift turn'd M'Fingal at the view,
And call'd for aid th' attendant crew;
In vain; the Tories all had run,
When scarce the fight was well begun;

Their setting wigs he saw decreas'd,
Far in the horizon tow'rd the west.
Amaz'd he view'd the shameful sight,
And saw no refuge but in flight:
But age unwieldly check'd his pace,
Though fear had wing'd his flying race;
For not a trifling prize at stake;
No less than great M'Fingal's back.
With legs and arms he work'd his course,
Like rider that outgoes his horse,
And laboured hard to get away, as
Old Satan[65] struggling on through chaos:
Till, looking back, he spied in rear,
The spade armed chief advanc'd too near;
Then stopp'd and seized a stone that lay,
An ancient land-mark near the way;
Nor shall we, as old bards have done,
Affirm it weigh'd an hundred ton;
But such a stone as at a shift,
A modern might suffice to lift.
Since men, to credit their enigmas,
Are dwindled down to dwarfs and pigmies;
And giants, exil'd with their cronies,
To Brobdignags and Patagonies.
But while our hero turned him round,
And stoop'd to raise it from the ground;
The deadly spade discharged a blow,
Tremendous on his rear below;
His bent knee fail'd, and, void of strength,
Stretch'd on the ground his manly length;
Like ancient oak o'erturn'd he lay,
Or tow'rs to tempests fall'n a prey,
And more things else—but all men know 'em,
If slightly vers'd in epic poem.

At once the crew at this sad crisis,
Fall on and bind him ere he rises,
And with loud shouts and joyful soul
Conduct him prisoner to the pole.

When now the mob in lucky hour,
Had got their en'mies in their pow'r,
They first proceed by wise command,
To take the constable in hand;
Then from the pole's sublimest top
They speeded to let down the rope.
At once its other end in haste bind,
And make it fast upon his waistband,
Till, like the earth, as stretched on tenter,
He hung self-balanc'd on his centre
Then upwards, all hands hoisting sail,
They swung him, like a keg of ale,
Till to the pinnacle so fair,
He rose like meteor in the air.
As Socrates[66] of old at first did,
To aid philosophy get hoisted;
And found his thoughts flow strangely clear,
Swung in a basket in mid-air:
Our culprit thus in purer sky,
With like advantage rais'd his eye;
And looking forth in prospect wide,
His Tory errors clearly spy'd,
And from his elevated station,
With bawling voice began addressing,
"Good gentlemen, and friends, and kin,
For heav'n's sake hear, if not for mine!
I here renounce the Pope, the Turks,
The king, the devil, and all their works;

And will, set me but once at ease,
Turn Whig or Christian, what you please;
And always mind your laws as justly,
Should I live long as old Methus'lah,
I'll never join with British rage,
Nor help lord North, or general Gage;
Nor lift my gun in future fights,
Nor take away your charter'd rights;
Nor overcome your new-rais'd levies,
Destroy your towns, nor burn your navies;
Nor cut your poles down while I've breath,
Though rais'd more thick than hatchel-teeth;
But leave king George and all his elves,
To do their conqu'ring work themselves."

This said, they low'r'd him down in state,
Spread at all points, like falling cat;
But took a vote first on the question,
That they'd accept this full confession,
And to their fellowship and favour,
Restore him on his good behaviour.
Not so, our 'Squire submits to rule,
But stood heroic as a mule.
"You'll find it all in vain," quoth he,
"To play your rebel tricks on me.
All punishments the world can render,
Serve only to provoke th' offender;
The will 's confirm'd by treatment horrid,
As hides grow harder when they're curried;
No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law;
Or held, in method orthodox,
His love of justice in the stocks;

Or fail'd to lose by sheriff's shears,
At once his loyalty and ears.
Have you made Murray look less big,
Or smok'd old Williams to a Whig?
Did our mobb'd Ol'ver[67] quit his station,
Or heed his vows of resignation?
Has Rivington,[68] in dread of stripes,
Ceas'd lying since you stole his types?
And can you think my faith will alter,
By tarring, whipping, or the halter?
I'll stand the worst; for recompence,
I trust King George and providence.
And when, our conquest gain'd, I come,
Array'd in law, and terror, home,
You'll rue this inauspicious morn,
And curse the day you e'er were born,
In Job's high style of imprecations,
With all his plagues, without his patience."

Meanwhile, beside the pole, the guard
A bench of justice had prepar'd;
Where sitting round in awful sort,
The grand committee hold their court;
While all the crew, in silent awe,
Wait from the lips the lore of law.
Few moments, with deliberation,
They hold the solemn consultation;
When soon in judgment all agree,
And clerk declares the dread decree;
"That 'Squire M'Fingal having grown
The vilest Tory in the town;
And now on full examination,
Convicted by his own confession;

Finding no tokens of repentance,
This court proceed to render sentence:
That first the mob a slip-knot single,
Tie round the neck of said M'Fingal;
And in due form do tar him next,
And feather, as the law directs;
Then through the town attendant ride him,
In cart with constable beside him;
And having held him up to shame,
Bring to the pole from whence he came."

Forthwith the crowd proceed to deck,
With halter'd noose M'Fingal's neck,
While he in peril of his soul,
Stood ty'd half hanging to the pole!
Then lifting high the pond'rous jar,
Pour'd o'er his head the smoking tar:
With less profusion erst was spread
The Jewish oil on royal head,
That down his beard and vestments ran,
And cover'd all his outward man.
As when (so Claudian sings[69]) the gods
And earth-born giants fell at odds,
The stout Enceladus in malice
Tore mountains up to throw at Pallas;
And as he held them o'er his head,
The river, from their fountains fed,
Pour'd down his back its copious tide,
And wore its channels in his hide:
So, from the high-rais'd urn, the torrents,
Spread down his side their various currents;
His flowing wig, as next the brim,
First met and drank the sable stream;

Adown his visage, stern and grave,
Roll'd and adher'd the viscid wave;
With arms depending as he stood,
Each cuff capacious holds the flood;
From nose and chin's remotest end,
The tarry icicles depend;
Till all o'erspread, with colours gay,
He glitter'd to the western ray,
Like sleet-bound trees in wintry skies,
Or Lapland idol carv'd in ice,
And now the feather-bag display'd,
Is wav'd in triumph o'er his head,
And spread him o'er with feathers missive,
And down upon the tar adhesive:
Not Maia's son, with wings for ears,
Such plumes around his visage wears;
Nor Milton's six-wing'd angel gathers
Such superfluity of feathers;
Till all complete appears our 'Squire
Like gorgon or chimera dire;
Nor more could boast on Plato's[70] plan
To rank amid the race of man,
Or prove his claim to human nature,
As a two-legg'd unfeather'd creature.

Then on the two-wheel'd car of state,
They rais'd our grand duumvirate.
And as at Rome a like committee,
That found an owl within their city,
With solemn rites and sad processions,
At ev'ry shrine perform'd lustrations.
And lest infection should abound,
From prodigy with face so round,

All Rome attends him through the street,
In triumph to his country-seat;
With like devotion all the choir
Paraded round our feather'd 'Squire;
In front the martial music comes
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,
With jingling sound of carriage bells,
And treble creak of rusted wheels;
Behind, the crowd, in lengthen'd row,
With grave procession, clos'd the show;
And at fit periods ev'ry throat
Combin'd in universal shout,
And hail'd great liberty in chorus,
Or bawl'd, confusion to the Tories.
Not louder storm the welkin braves,
From clamours of conflicting waves;
Less dire in Lybian wilds the noise,
When rav'ning lions lift their voice;
Or triumph at town-meetings made,
On passing votes to reg'late trade.[71]

Thus having borne them round the town,
Last at the pole they set them down,
And tow'rd the tavern take their way,
To end in mirth the festal day.

And now the mob, dispers'd and gone,
Left 'Squire and constable alone.
The constable, in rueful case,
Lean'd sad and solemn o'er a brace.
And fast beside him, cheek by jowl,
Stuck 'Squire M'Fingal 'gainst the pole,
Glued by the tar, t' his rear apply'd,
Like barnacle on vessel's side.

But though his body lack'd physician,
His spirit was in worse condition.
He found his fears of whips and ropes,
By many a drachm outweigh'd his hopes.
As men in gaol without mainprize,
View ev'ry thing with other eyes;
And all goes wrong in church and state,
Seen through perspective of the grate;
So now M'Fingal's second sight
Beheld all things in diff'rent light;
His visual nerve, well purg'd with tar,
Saw all the coming scenes of war.
As his prophetic soul grew stronger,
He found he could hold in no longer:
First from the pole, as fierce he shook,
His wig from pitchy durance broke,
His mouth unglu'd, his feathers flutter'd,
His tar'd skirts crack'd, and thus he utter'd;
"Ah, Mr. Constable, in vain
We strive 'gainst wind, and tide, and rain!
Behold my doom! this feather'd omen
Portends what dismal times are coming,
Now future scenes before my eyes,
And second-sighted forms arise;
I hear a voice that calls away,
And cries, The Whigs will win the day;
My beck'ning genius gives command,
And bids us fly the fatal land;
Where, changing name and constitution,
Rebellion turns to revolution,
While loyalty, oppress'd in tears,
Stands trembling for his neck and ears.
Go, summon all our brethren, greeting,
To muster at our usual meeting.

There my prophetic voice shall warn 'em,
Of all things future that concern 'em,
And scenes disclose, on which, my friend,
Their conduct and their lives depend:
There I—but first 'tis more of use,
From this vile pole to set me loose;—
Then go with cautious steps and steady,
While I steer home and make all ready."

END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

M'FINGAL.

CANTO FOURTH.

THE VISION.

Now night came down, and rose full soon,
That patroness of rogues, the moon;
Beneath whose kind, protecting ray,
Wolves, brute and human, prowl for prey.
The honest world all snored in chorus,
While owls and ghosts, and thieves and Tories,
Whom erst the mid-day sun had aw'd,
Crept from their lurking holes abroad,
On cautious hinges, slow and stiller,
Wide op'd the great M'Fingal's cellar,[72]
Where, shut from prying eyes in cluster,
The Tory Pandemonium muster,
Their chiefs all sitting round descry'd are,
On kegs of ale, and seats of cider;
When first M'Fingal, dimly seen,
Rose solemn from the turnip-bin.

Nor yet his[73] form had wholly lost
The orig'nal brightness it could boast,
Nor less appear'd than justice Quorum,
In feather'd majesty before 'em
Adown his tar-streak'd visage clear,
Fell glistening fast th' indignant tear;
And thus his voice, in mournful wise,
Pursu'd the prologue of his sighs:

"Brethren and friends, the glorious band
Of loyalty in rebel land!
It was not thus you've seen me sitting,
Return'd in triumph from town meeting;
When blust'ring Whigs were put to stand,
And votes obey'd my guiding hand,
And new commissions pleas'd my eyes;
Blest days, but, ah, no more to rise!
Alas? against my better light,
And optics sure of second-sight,
My stubborn soul, in error strong,
Had faith in Hutchinson too long.
See what brave trophies still we bring,
From all our battles for the king;
And yet these plagues, now past before us;
Are but our entering-wedge of sorrows.
I see, in glooms tempestuous, stand
The cloud impending o'er the land;
That cloud, which still beyond their hopes,
Serves all our orators with tropes,
Which, though from our own vapours fed,
Shall point its thunders on our head!
I see the mob, beflipp'd in taverns,
Hunt us, like wolves, through wilds and caverns;

What dungeons rise t' alarm our fears,
What horse-whips whistle round our ears!
Tar, yet in embryo in the pine,
Shall run, on Tories' backs to shine;
Trees rooted fair in groves of sallows,
Are growing for our future gallows:
And geese unhatch'd, when pluck'd in fray,
Shall rue the feath'ring of that day.
For me, before these fatal days,
I mean to fly th' accursed place;
And follow omens, which of late,
Have warn'd me of impending fate;
Yet pass'd unnotic'd o'er my view,
Till sad conviction prov'd them true;
As prophecies, of best intent,
Are only heeded in th' event.

"For late in visions of the night
The gallows stood before my sight;
I saw its ladder heav'd on end;
I saw the deadly rope descend;
And in its noose, that wav'ring swang,
Friend Malcolm[74] hung, or seem'd to hang.
How chang'd from him, who, bold as lion,
Stood aid-de-camp to gov'rnor Tryon;
Made rebels vanish once, like witches,
And sav'd his life, but dropp'd his breeches!
I scarce had made a fearful bow,
And trembling ask'd him, "How d'ye do?"
When, lifting up his eyes so wide,
(His eyes alone—his hands were ty'd:)
With feeble voice, as spirits use,
Now almost choak'd with gripe of noose;

[75] "Ah! fly, my friend," he cry'd, "escape,
And keep yourself from this sad scrape;
Enough you've talk'd, and writ, and plann'd;
The Whigs have got the upper hand.
Dame fortune's wheel has turned so short,
It plung'd us fairly in the dirt;
Could mortal arm our fears have ended,
This arm (and shook it) had defended.
But longer now 'tis vain to stay,
See, ev'n the reg'lars run away:
Wait not till things grow desperater,
For hanging is no laughing matter;
This might your grandsires' fortunes tell you on,
Who both were hang'd the last rebellion;
Adventure, then, no longer stay,
But call your friends, and run away.
For lo, through deepest glooms of night,
I come to aid thy second sight;
Disclose the plagues that round us wait,
And wake the dark decrees of fate.
Ascend this ladder, whence, unfurl'd,
The curtain opes of t' other world;
For here new worlds the scenes unfold,
Seen from this back-door of the old.[76]
As when Æneas risk'd his life,
Like Orpheus vent'ring for his wife;
And bore in show his mortal carcase,
Through realms of Erebus and Orcus;
Then in the happy field Elysian,
Saw all his embryo sons in vision;
As shown by great archangel, Michael,
Old Adam saw the world's whole sequel,
And from the mount's extended space,
The rising fortunes of his race;

So from this stage shalt thou behold
The war its coming scenes unfold;
Rais'd by my arm to meet thine eye;
My Adam, thou; thine angel, I.
But first my pow'r, for visions[77] bright,
Must cleanse from clouds thy mental sight;
Remove the dim suffusions spread,
Which bribes and sal'ries there have bred;
And, from the well of Bute infuse,
Three genuine drops of highland dews,
To purge, like euphracy and rue,
Thine eyes, for much thou hast to view.

"Now, freed from Tory darkness, raise
Thy head, and spy the coming days;
For lo, before our second sight,
The continent ascends in light;
From north to south, what gath'ring swarms,
Increase the pride of rebel arms!
Through ev'ry state, our legions brave
Speed gallant marches to the grave;
Of battling Whigs the frequent prize,
While rebel trophies stain the skies,
Behold, o'er northern realms afar,[78]
Extend the kindling flames of war!
See fam'd St. John's and Montreal,
Doom'd by Montgom'ry's arm to fall!
Where Hudson with majestic sway,
Through hills disparted ploughs his way;
Fate spreads on Bemus' heights alarms,
And pours destruction on our arms;
There Bennington's ensanguin'd plain,
And Stony-Point, the prize of Wayne,

Behold near Del'ware's icy roar,
Where morning dawns on Trenton's shore;
While Hessians spread their Christmas feasts,
Rush rude these uninvited guests;
Nor aught avail, to Whigs a prize,
Their martial whiskers' grisly size.
On Princeton plains our heroes yield,
And spread in flight the vanquish'd field,
While fear to Mawhood's heels put on
Wings, wide as worn by Maia's son.
Behold the Pennsylvanian shore,
Enrich'd with streams of British gore;
Where many a vet'ran chief in bed
Of honour rests his slumbering head;
And in soft vales, in land of foes,
Their wearied virtue finds repose.
See plund'ring Dunmore's negro band,
Fly headlong from Virginia's strand;
And far on southern hills, our cousins,
The Scotch M'Donalds, fall by dozens;
Or where King's Mountain lifts its head,
Our ruin'd bands in triumph led!
Behold o'er Tarleton's blust'ring train,
The rebels stretch the captive chain!
Afar near Eutaw's fatal springs,
Descending Vict'ry spreads her wings!
Through all the land in various chase,
We hunt the rainbow of success;
In vain! their chief, superior still,
Eludes our force with Fabian skill,
Or swift descending by surprise,
Like Prussia's eagle, sweeps the prize."

I look'd; nor yet, opprest with fears,
Gave credit to my eyes or ears,

But held the views an empty dream,
On Berkley's immaterial scheme;
And pond'ring sad, with troubled breast
At length my rising doubts express'd.

"Ah, whither, thus by rebels smitten,
Is fled th' omnipotence of Britain,
Or fail'd his usual guard to keep,
Gone truanting or fall'n asleep,[79]
As Baal his prophets left confounded,
And bawling vot'ries gash'd and wounded?
Did not, retir'd to bow'rs Elysian,
Great Mars leave with her his commision,
And Neptune erst, in treaty free,
Give up dominion o'er the sea?
Else where's the faith of fam'd orations,
Address, debate, and proclamations;
Or courtly sermon, laureat ode,
And ballads on the wat'ry god;
With whose high strains great George enriches
His eloquence of gracious speeches?
Not faithful to our highland eyes,
These deadly forms of vision rise;
But sure some Whig-inspiring sprite,
Now palms delusion on our sight.
I'd scarcely trust a tale so vain,
Should revelation prompt the strain;
Or Ossian's ghost the scenes rehearse,
In all the melody of Erse."[80]

"Too long," quoth Malcolm, with confusion,
"You've dwelt already in delusion;
As sceptics, of all fools the chief,
Hold faith in creeds of unbelief.

I come to draw thy veil aside,
Of error, prejudice, and pride.
Fools love deception, but the wise
Prefer sad truth to pleasing lies.
For know those hopes can ne'er succeed,
That trust on Britain's breaking reed.
For weak'ning long from bad to worse,
By fatal atrophy of purse;
She feels at length with trembling heart,
Her foes have found her mortal part.
As fam'd Achilles, dipt by Thetis
In Styx, as sung in ancient ditties;
Grew all case-harden'd o'er like steel,
Invulnerable, save his heel;
And laugh'd at swords and spears, as squibs,
And all diseases but the kibes;
Yet met at last his fatal wound,
By Paris' arrow nail'd to th' ground;
So Britain's boasted strength deserts,
In these her empire's utmost skirts;
Remov'd beyond her fierce impresions,
And atmosphere of omnipresence;
Nor to these shores' remoter ends,
Her dwarf omnipotence extends;
Whence in this turn of things so strange,
'Tis time our principles to change.
For vain that boasted faith, which gathers
No perquisite, but tar and feathers;
No pay but Whigs' insulting malice,
And no promotion but the gallows.
I've long enough stood firm and steady,
Half-hang'd for loyalty already:
And could I save my neck and pelf,
I'd turn a flaming Whig myself,

And quit this cause, and course, and calling,
Like rats that fly from house that's falling;
But since, obnoxious here to fate,
This saving wisdom comes too late;
Our noblest hopes already crost,
Our sal'ries gone our titles lost;
Doom'd to worse suff'rings from the mob,
Than Satan's surg'ries used on Job;
What more remains but now with sleight,
What's left of us to save by flight?

"Now raise thine eyes; for visions true,
Again acending wait thy view."
I look'd; and clad in early light,
The spires of Boston rose to sight;
The morn o'er eastern hills afar,
Illum'd the varying scenes of war.
Great Howe had long since in the lap
Of Loring taken out his nap;
And with the sun's ascending ray,
The cuckold came to take his pay.
When all th' encircling hills around,
With instantaneous breast-works crown'd,
With pointed thunders met his sight,
By magic rear'd the former night;
Each summit far as eye commands,
Shone peopled with rebellious bands;
Aloft their tow'ring heroes rise,
As Titans erst assail'd the skies,
Leagu'd with superior force to prove,
The sceptred hand of British Jove.
Mounds, pil'd on hills, ascended fair,
With batt'ries, plac'd in middle air,

That rais'd like angry clouds on high,
Seem'd like th' artill'ry of the sky;
And hurl'd their fiery bolts amain,
In thunder on the trembling plain.
I saw along the prostrate strand,
Our baffl'd gen'rals quit the land,
And swift as frighted mermaids flee,
T' our boasted element the sea!
Resign that long contested shore,
Again the prize of rebel power,
And tow'rd their town of refuge fly,
Like convict Jews condemn'd to die.
Then tow'rd the north I turn'd my eyes,
Where Saratoga's heights arise,
And saw our chosen vet'ran band,
Descend in terror o'er the land;
T' oppose their fury of alarms,
Saw all New-England wake to arms,
And every yankey, full of mettle,
Swarm forth, like bees at sound of kettle.
Not Rome, when Tarquin rap'd Lucretia,
Saw wilder must'ring of militia.
Through all the woods and plains of fight,
What mortal battles fill'd my sight;
While British corses strew'd the shore,
And Hudson ting'd his streams with gore!
What tongue can tell the dismal day,
Or paint the party-colour'd fray;
When yeoman left their fields afar,
To plough the crimson plains of war;
When zeal to swords transform'd their shares,
And turn'd their pruning hooks to spears;
Chang'd tailor's geese to guns and ball,
And stretch'd to pike the cobler's awl;

While hunters fierce, like mighty Nimrod,
Made on our troops a daring inroad;
And lev'lling squint on barrel round,
Brought our beau-officers to ground;
While rifle-frocks sent gen'rals cap'ring,
And red-coats shrunk from leathern apron,
And epaulet and gorget run
From whinyard brown and rusty gun:
While sun-burnt Whigs in high command,
Rush furious on our frighted band;
And ancient beards and hoary hair,
Like meteors stream in troubled air.
With locks unshorn not Samson more
Made useless all the show of war,
Nor fought with ass's jaw for rarity,
With more success or singularity.
I saw our vet'ran thousands yield,
And pile their muskets on the field:
And peasant guards, in rueful plight,
March off our captur'd bands from fight
While every rebel-fife in play;
To yankey doodle tun'd its lay;
And, like the music of the spheres,
Mellifluous sooth'd their vanquish'd ears."

"Alas!" said I, "what baleful star,
Sheds fatal influence on the war;
And who that chosen chief of fame,
That heads this grand parade of shame!"

"There see how fate," great Malcolm cry'd,
"Strikes with its bolts the tow'rs of pride.
Behold that martial macaroni,
Compound of Phœbus and Bellona,

With warlike sword and singsong lay,
Equipp'd alike for feast or fray,
Where equal wit and valour join;
This, this is he, the fam'd Burgoyne;
Who pawn'd his honour and commission,
To coax the patriots to submission;
By songs and balls secure obedience,
And dance the ladies to allegiance.
Oft his camp muses he'll parade,
At Boston in the grand blockade;
And well invok'd with punch of arrack,
Hold converse sweet in tent or barrack;
Inspir'd in more heroic fashion,
Both by his theme and situation;
While farce and proclamation grand,
Rise fair beneath his plastic hand,
For genius swells more strong and clear,
When close confin'd, like bottled beer;
So Prior's wit gain'd greater pow'r,
By inspiration of the tow'r:
And Raleigh, fast in prison hurl'd,
Wrote all the hist'ry of the world;
So Wilkes grew, while in jail he lay,
More patriotic ev'ry day;
But found his zeal, when not confin'd,
Soon sink below the freezing point;
And public spirit once so fair,
Evaporate in open air.
But thou, great favourite of Venus,
By no such luck shall cramp thy genius;
Thy friendly stars, till wars shall cease,
Shall ward th' ill fortune of release;
And hold thee fast in bonds not feeble,
In good condition still to scribble.

Such merit fate shall shield from firing,
Bomb, carcass, langridge, and cold iron;
Nor trusts thy doubly-laurel'd head,
To rude assaults of flying lead.
Hence in this Saratogue retreat,
For pure good fortune thou'lt be beat;
Not taken oft, releas'd or rescued,
Pass for small change, like simple Prescott;[81]
But captur'd there, as fates befall,
Shall stand thy hand for 't, once for all.
Then raise thy daring thoughts sublime,
And dip thy conqu'ring pen in rhyme,
And, changing war for puns and jokes,
Write new Blockades, and Maids of Oaks.'"[82]

This said, he turn'd, and saw the tale
Had dy'd my trembling cheeks with pale;
Then, pitying in a milder vein,
Pursu'd the visionary strain.

"Too much, perhaps, hath pain'd your views
Of vict'ries gain'd by rebel crews;
Now see the deeds, not small nor scanty,
Of British valour and human'ty;
And learn from this auspicious sight,
How England's sons and friends can fight;
In what dread scenes their courage grows,
And how they conquer all their foes."

I look'd and saw, in wintry skies,
Our spacious prison walls arise;
Where Britons all their captives taming,
Plied them with scourging, cold and famine,

Reduc'd to life's concluding stages,
By noxious food and plagues contagious.
Aloft the mighty[83] Loring stood,
And thriv'd like Vampyre,[84] on their blood;
And counting all his gains arising,
Dealt daily rations out of poison,
Amid the dead that crowd the scene,
The moving skeletons were seen.
At hand our troops, in vaunting strains,
Insulted all their wants and pains;
And turn'd on all the dying tribe,
The bitter taunt and scornful gibe:
And British officers of might,
Triumphant at the joyful sight,
O'er foes disarm'd, with courage daring
Exhausted all their tropes of swearing.
Around all stain'd with rebel blood,
Like Milton's lazar house it stood;
Where grim despair attended nurse,
And death was gov'nor of the house.
Amaz'd, I cried, "Is this the way
That British valour wins the day?"
More had I said, in strains unwelcome,
Till interrupted thus by Malcolm:
"Blame not," quoth he, "but learn the reason,
Of this new mode of conqu'ring treason.
'Tis but a wise, politic plan,
To root out all the rebel clan;
(For surely treason ne'er can thrive,
Where not a soul is left alive:)
A scheme, all other chiefs to surpass
And do th' effectual work to purpose;
For war itself is nothing further,
But th' art and mystery of murther;

And who most methods has essay'd,
Is the best gen'ral of the trade,
And stands death's plenipotentiary,
To conquer, poison, starve and bury.
This Howe well knew, and thus began,
(Despising Carlton's coaxing plan,
Who kept his pris'ners well and merry,
And dealt them food like commissary;
And by paroles and ransoms vain,
Dismiss'd them all to fight again:)
Whence his first captives, with great spirit,
He tied up for his troops to fire at;[85]
And hop'd they'd learn, on foes thus taken,
To aim at rebels without shaking.
Then, wise in stratagem, he plann'd
The sure destruction of the land;
Turn'd famine, sickness, and despair,
To useful enginery of war;
Instead of cannon, musket, mortar,
Us'd pestilence, and death, and torture;
Sent forth the small pox, and the greater,
To thin the land of every traitor;
And order'd out, with like endeavour,
Detachments of the prison fever;
Spread desolation o'er their head,
And plagues in providence's stead;
Perform'd with equal skill and beauty,
Th' avenging angels tour of duty;
Brought all the elements to join,
And stars t' assist the great design:
As once in league with Kishon's brook,
Fam'd Israel's foes they fought and took.
Then proud to raise a glorious name,
And em'lous of his country's fame,

He bade these prison-walls arise,
Like temple tow'ring to the skies;
Where British clemency renown'd,
Might fix her seat on sacred ground;
(That virtue, as each herald saith,
Of whole blood kin to Punic faith;)
Where all her godlike pow'rs unveiling,
She finds a grateful shrine to dwell in.
Then, at this altar for her honour,
Chose this high-priest to wait upon her;
Who, with just rites, in ancient guises,
Presents these human sacrifices;
Great Loring, fam'd above all laymen,
A proper priest for Lybian Ammon;
Who, while Howe's gift his brows adorns,
Had match'd that deity in horns.
Here ev'ry day her vot'ries tell,
She more devours than th' idol Bel;
And thirsts more rav'nously for gore,
Than any worshipp'd power before.
That ancient heathen godhead, Moloch,
Oft stay'd his stomach with a bullock;
Or if his morning rage you'd check first,
One child suffic'd him for a breakfast.
But British clemency, with zeal,
Devours her hundreds at a meal:
Right well by nat'ralists defin'd,
A being of carniv'rous kind;
So erst Gargantau[86] pleas'd his palate,
And ate his pilgrims up for sallad.
Not blest with maw less ceremonious,
The wide mouth whale that swallow'd Jonas;
Like earthquake gapes to death devote,
That open sepulchre, her throat:

The grave, or barren womb you'd stuff,
And sooner bring to cry, enough;
Or fatten up to fair condition,
The lean flesh kine of Pharaoh's vision.

"Behold her temple, where it stands
Erect by fam'd Britannic hands:
'Tis the black hole of Indian structure,
New built with English architecture;
On plan, 'tis said, contriv'd and wrote
By Clive, before he cut his throat;
Who, ere he took himself in hand,
Was her high-priest in nabob-land;
And when, with conqu'ring glory crown'd,
He'd well enslav'd the nation round;
With pitying heart, the gen'rous chief,
(Since slav'ry's worse than loss of life,)
Bade desolation circle far,
And famine end the work of war;
Thus loos'd their chains, and for their merits,
Dismiss'd them free to worlds of spirits;
Whence they, with gratitude and praise,
Return'd t'[87] attend his latter days;
And, hov'ring round his restless bed,
Spread nightly visions o'er his head.

"Now turn," he cried, "to nobler sights,
And mark the prowess of our fights:
Behold, like whelps of British lion,
The warriors, Clinton, Vaughan, and Tryon,
March forth with patriotic joy,
To ravish, plunder, burn, destroy.
Great Gen'rals, foremost in the nation,
The journeymen of desolation!

Like Samson's foxes, each assails,
Let loose with firebrands in their tails,
And spreads destruction more forlorn,
Than they did in Philistine corn.
And see! in flames their triumphs rise,
Illuming all the nether skies,
And streaming, like a new Aurora,
The western hemisphere with glory?
What towns in ashes laid, confess,
These heroes' prowess and success!
What blacken'd walls, or burning fane,
For trophies spread the ruin'd plain!
What females, caught in evil hour,
By force submit to British pow'r;
Or plunder'd negroes, in disaster,
Confess King George their lord and master!
What crimson corses strew their way,
Till smoking carnage dims the day!
Along the shore, for sure reduction,
They wield their besom of destruction;
Great Homer likens, in his Ilias,
To dog-star bright the fierce Achilles;
But ne'er beheld, in red procession,
Three dog-stars rise in constellation;
Or saw in glooms of ev'ning misty,
Such signs of fiery triplic'ty,
Which, far beyond the comet's tail,
Portend destruction where they sail.
Oh! had Great Britain's godlike shore,
Produc'd but ten such heroes more,
They'd spar'd the pains, and held the station,
Of this world's final conflagration,
Which, when its time comes, at a stand,
Would find its work all done t' its hand!

"Yet though gay hopes our eyes may bless,
Indignant fate forbids success;
Like morning dreams, our conquest flies,
Dispers'd before the dawn arise."

Here Malcolm paus'd; when, pond'ring long,
Grief thus gave utt'rance to my tongue:

"Where shrink in fear our friends dismay'd
And all the Tories' promis'd aid?
Can none, amid these fierce alarms,
Assist the pow'r of royal arms!"

"In vain," he cried, "our king depends,
On promis'd aid of Tory friends.
When our own efforts want success,
Friends ever fail as fears increase.
As leaves in blooming verdure wove,
In warmth of summer clothe the grove;
But when autumnal frosts arise,
Leave bare their trunks to wintry skies;
So while your pow'r can aid their ends,
You ne'er can need ten thousand friends;
But, once in want, by foes dismay'd,
May advertise them stol'n or stray'd.
Thus, ere Great-Britain's strength grew slack,
She gain'd that aid she did not lack;
But now in dread imploring pity,
All hear, unmov'd her dol'rous ditty:
Allegiance wand'ring turns astray,
And faith grows dim for lack of pay.
In vain she tries by new inventions,
Fear, falsehood, flatt'ry, threats and pensions

Or sends commiss'ners with credentials,[88]
Of promises and penitentials.
As, for his fair o'er Styx of old,
The Trojan stole the bough of gold;
And, lest grim Cerb'rus should make head,
Stuff'd both his fobs with [89]gingerbread.
Behold, at Britain's utmost shifts,
Comes Johnstone, loaded with like gifts;
To venture through the Whiggish tribe,
To cuddle, wheedle, coax, and bribe;
Enter their lands, and on his journey,
Possession take as king's attorney;
Buy all the vassals to protect him,
And bribe the tenants not t' eject him;
And call, to aid his desp'rate mission,
His petticoated politician;
While Venus, join'd t' assist the farce,
Strolls forth ambassador for Mars.
In vain he strives, (for while he lingers,
These mastiffs bite his off'ring fingers,)
Nor buys for George and realms infernal,
One spaniel, but the mongrel Arnold.
'Twere vain to paint in vision'd show,
The mighty nothings done by Howe;
What towns he takes in mortal fray,
As stations, whence to run away;
What conquests gain'd in battles warm,
To us no aid, to them no harm;
For still th' event alike is fatal,
Whate'er success attend the battle;
If he gain victory, or lose it,
Who ne'er had skill enough to use it;
And better 'twere, at their expense,
T' have drubb'd him into common sense,

And wak'd, by bastings on his rear,
Th' activity, though but of fear.
By slow advance his arms prevail,
Like emblematic march of snail;
That, be millennium nigh or far,
'Twould long before him end the war.
From York to Philadelphian ground,
He sweeps the mighty flourish round;
Wheel'd circ'lar by eccentric stars,
Like racing boys at prison-bars;
Who take the adverse crew in whole,
By running round the opp'site goal;
Works wide the traverse of his course,
Like ship in storms' opposing force;
Like mill-horse, circling in his race,
Advances not a single pace,
And leaves no trophies of reduction,
Save that of canker-worms, destruction.
Thus, having long both countries curst,
He quits them, as he found them first;
Steers home disgrac'd, of little worth,
To join Burgoyne, and rail at North.

"Now raise thine eyes, and view with pleasure,
The triumphs of his fam'd successor."

I look'd, and now by magic lore,
Faint rose to view the Jersey shore;
But dimly seen, in glooms array'd,
For night had pour'd her sable shade,
And ev'ry star, with glimm'rings pale,
Was muffled deep in evening veil:
Scarce visible in dusky night,
Advancing red-coats rose to sight;

The lengthen'd train, in gleaming rows,
Stole silent from their slumbering foes;
Slow mov'd the baggage, and the train,
Like snails, crept noiseless o'er the plain;
No trembling soldier dar'd to speak,
And not a wheel presum'd to creak.
My looks, my new surprise confess'd,
Till by great Malcolm thus address'd:
"Spend not thy wits in vain researches,
'Tis one of Clinton's moonlight marches.
From Philadelphia now retreating,
To save his anxious troops a beating,
With hasty stride he flies in vain,
His rear attack'd on Monmouth plain:
With various chance the mortal fray
Is lengthen'd to the close of day,
When his tir'd bands, o'ermatch'd in fight,
Are rescu'd by descending night;
He forms his camp with vain parade,
Till evening spreads the world with shade;
Then still, like some endanger'd spark,
Steals off on tiptoe in the dark;
Yet writes his king, in boasting tone,
How grand he march'd by light of moon.
I see him, but thou canst not; proud
He leads in front the trembling crowd,
And wisely knows, if danger's near,
'Twill fall the heaviest on his rear.
Go on, great gen'ral, nor regard
The scoffs of every scribbling bard,
Who sing how gods that fatal night,
Aided by miracles your flight,
As once they us'd in Homer's day,
To help weak heroes run away;

Tell how the hours at awful trial,
Went back, as erst on Ahaz' dial,
While British Joshua stay'd the moon,
On Monmouth plains, for Ajalon:
Heed not their sneers and gibes so arch,
Because she set before your march.
A small mistake, your meaning right,
You take her influence for her light;
Her influence which shall be your guide,
And o'er your gen'ralship preside.
Hence still shall teem your empty skull,
With vict'ries when the moon's at full;
Which by transition yet more strange,
Wane to defeats before the change;
Hence all your movements, all your notions,
Shall steer by like eccentric motions,
Eclips'd in many a fatal crisis,
And dimm'd when Washington arises.

"And see how Fate herself, turn'd traitor,
Inverts the ancient course of Nature,
And changes manners, tempers, climes,
To suit the genius of the times.
See Bourbon forms his gen'rous plan,
First guardian of the rights of man;
And prompt in firm alliance joins,
To aid the rebels' proud designs.
Behold from realms of eastern day,
His sails innum'rous shape their way;
In warlike line the billows sweep,
And roll the thunders of the deep.
See, low in equinoctial skies,
The Western Islands fall their prize.

See British flags o'ermatch'd in might,
Put all their faith in instant flight;
Or broken squadrons from th' affray,
Drag slow their wounded hulks away.
Behold his chiefs in daring sets,
D'Estaings, De Grasses, and Fayettes,
Spread through our camps their dread alarms,
And swell the fears of rebel-arms.
Yet, ere our empire sink in night,
One gleam of hope shall strike the sight;
As lamps that fail of oil and fire,
Collect one glimm'ring to expire.
And lo! where southern shores extend,
Behold our union'd host descend;
Where Charleston views, with varying beams,
Her turrets gild th' encircling streams.
There, by superior might compell'd,
Behold their gallant Lincoln yield;
Nor aught the wreaths avail him now,
Pluck'd from Burgoyne's imperious brow.
See, furious from the vanquish'd strand,
Cornwallis leads his mighty band!
The southern realms and Georgian shore,
Submit and own the victor's pow'r.
Lo, sunk before his wasting way,
The Carolinas fall his prey!
In vain embattled hosts of foes,
Essay in warring strife t' oppose.
See shrinking from his conquering eye,
The rebel legions fall or fly;
And, with'ring in these torrid skies,
The northern laurel fades and dies.
With rapid force he leads his band,
To fair Virginia's fated strand;

Triumphant eyes the travell'd zone,
And boasts the southern realms his own.
Nor yet this hero's glories bright,
Blaze only in the fields of fight;
Not Howe's human'ty more deserving,
In gifts of hanging, and of starving;
Not Arnold plunders more tobacco,
Or steals more negroes for Jamaica:
Scarce Rodney's self, among th' Eustatians,
Insults so well the laws of nations;
Ev'n Tryon's fame grows dim, and mourning,
He yields the laurel crown of burning.
I see with rapture and surprise,
New triumphs sparkling in thine eyes;
But view, where now renew'd in might,
Again the rebels dare the fight."

I look'd, and far in southern skies,
Saw Green, their second hope, arise;
And with his small but gallant band,
Invade the Carolinian land.
As winds, in stormy circles whirl'd,
Rush billowing o'er the darken'd world,
And, where their wasting fury roves,
Successive sweep th' astonish'd groves;
Thus where he pours the rapid fight,
Our boasted conquests sink in night,
And wide o'er all th' extended field,
Our forts resign, our armies yield,
Till, now regain'd the vanquish'd land,
He lifts his standard on the strand.

Again to fair Virginia's coast
I turn'd, and view'd the British host,

Where Chesapeake's wide waters lave
Her shores, and join th' Atlantic wave,
There fam'd Cornwallis tow'ring rose,
And scorn'd secure his distant foes;
His bands the haughty rampart raise,
And bid the royal standard blaze.
When lo, where ocean's bounds extend,
I saw the Gallic sails ascend;
With fav'ring breezes stem their way,
And crowd with ships the spacious bay.
Lo, Washington, from northern shores,
O'er many a region, wheels his force;
And Rochambeau, with legions bright,
Descends in terrors to the fight.
Not swifter cleaves his rapid way,
The eagle cow'ring o'er his prey;
Or knights in fam'd romance that fly
On fairy pinions through the sky.
Amaz'd, the Briton's startled pride,
Sees ruin wake on ev'ry side;
And all his troops to fate consign'd,
By instantaneous stroke Burgoyn'd.
Not Cadmus view'd with more surprise,
From earth embattled armies rise;
When by superior pow'r impell'd,
He sow'd with dragon's teeth the field.
Here Gallic troops in terror stand,
Their rush in arms the rebel band;
Nor hope remains from mortal fight,
Or that last British refuge, flight.
I saw, with looks downcast and grave,
The chief emerging from his cave,
(Where, chac'd like hare in mighty round,
His hunters earth'd him first in ground,)

And doom'd by fate to rebel sway,
Yield all his captur'd hosts a prey.

There, while I view'd the vanquish'd town,
Thus with a sigh my friend went on,
"Behold'st thou not that band forlorn,
Like slaves in Roman triumphs borne;
Their faces length'ning with their fears,
And cheeks distain'd with streams of tears,
Like *dramatis personæ* sage,
Equipt to act on Tyburn's stage?
Lo, these are they, who, lur'd by follies,
Left all and follow'd great Cornwallis;
True to their king, with firm devotion,
For conscience sake, had hoped promotion;
Expectant of the promis'd glories,
And new millennial state of Tories.
Alas! in vain all doubts forgetting,
They tried th' omnipotence of Britain;
But found her arm, once strong and brave,
So shorten'd now she cannot save.
Not more aghast departed souls,
Who risk'd their fate on Popish bulls;
And find St. Peter at the wicket
Refuse to countersign their ticket,
When driv'n to purgatory back,
With all their pardons in their pack;
Than Tories must'ring at their stations
On faith of royal proclamations.
As Pagan chiefs at ev'ry crisis,
Confirm'd their leagues by sacrifices;
And herds of beasts to all their deities,
Oblations fell at close of treaties;

Cornwallis thus, in ancient fashion,
Concludes his league of cap'tulation;
And victims due to rebel glories,
Gives this sin-off'ring up of Tories.
See where, reliev'd from sad embargo
Steer off consign'd a recreant cargo,
Like old scape-goats to roam in pain,
Mark'd like their great forerunner, Cain.
The rest, now doom'd by British leagues,
To justice of resentful Whigs,
Hold worthless lives on tenure ill,
Of tenancy at rebel-will,
While hov'ring o'er their forfeit persons,
The gallows waits his sure reversions.

"Thou too, M'Fingal, ere that day,
Shalt taste the terrors of th' affray.
See! o'er thee hangs in angry skies,
Where Whiggish constellations rise,
And while plebeian signs ascend,
Their mob-inspiring aspects bend.
That baleful star, whose horrid hair
Shakes forth the plagues of down and tar!
I see the pole, that rears on high
Its flag terrific through the sky;
The mob beneath prepar'd t' attack,
And tar predestin'd for thy back!
Ah! quit, my friend, this dang'rous home,
Nor wait the darker scenes to come;
For know that fate's auspicious door,
Once shut to flight, is op'd no more,
Nor wears its hinge by various stations,
Like mercy's door in proclamations.

"But lest thou pause, or doubt to fly,
To stranger visions turn thine eye;
Each cloud that dimm'd thy mental ray,
And all the mortal mists decay;
See more than human pow'rs befriend,
And lo, their hostile forms ascend!
See, tow'ring o'er th' extended strand,
The genius of the western land,
In vengeance arm'd, his sword assumes,
And stands, like Tories, drest in plumes.
See, o'er you council-seat with pride.
How freedom spreads her banners wide!
Their patriotism with torch address'd,
To fire with zeal each daring breast!
While all the virtues in their band,
Escape from yon unfriendly land
Desert their ancient British station,
Possest with rage of emigration.
Honour, his business at a stand,
For fear of starving quits the land;
And Justice, long disgrac'd at court, had
By Mansfield's sentence been transported.
Vict'ry and Fame attend their way,
Though Britain wish their longer stay,
Care not what George or North would be at,
Nor heed their writs of *ne exeat;*
But fir'd with love of colonizing,
Quit the fall'n empire for the rising."

I look'd, and saw, with horror smitten,
These hostile powers averse to Britain.
When lo! an awful spectre rose,
With languid paleness on his brows;

Wan dropsies swell'd his form beneath,
And ic'd his bloated cheeks with death;
His tatter'd robe exposed him bare,
To ev'ry blast of ruder air;
On two weak crutches propp'd he stood,
That bent at ev'ry step he trod;
Gilt titles grac'd their sides so slender,
One, "regulation," t'other "tender:"
His breast-plate grav'd with various dates,
"The faith of all th' United States:"
Before him went his fun'ral pall,
His grave stood dug to wait his fall.
I started and aghast I cry'd,
"What means this spectre at their side?
What danger from a power so vain,
And why he joins that splendid train?"

"Alas!" great Malcolm cry'd, "experience
Might teach you not to trust appearance.
Here stands, as drest by fierce Bellona,
The ghost of continental money;
Of dame necessity descended,
With whom credulity engender'd;
Though born with constitution frail,
And feeble strength that soon must fail;
Yet strangely vers'd in magic lore,
And gifted with transforming pow'r,
His skill the wealth Peruvian joins,
With diamonds of Brazillian mines.
As erst Jove fell, by subtle wiles,
On Danae's apron through the tiles,
In show'rs of gold: his potent hand,
Shall shed like show'rs through all the land.

Less great the magic art was reckon'd,
Of tallies cast by Charles the Second;
Or Law's fam'd Mississippi schemes,
Or all the wealth of South-Sea dreams.
For he, of all the world alone,
Owns the long-sought philos'pher's stone,
Restores the fab'lous times to view,
And proves the tale of Midas true.
O'er heaps of rags he waves his wand,
All turn to gold at his command.
Provide for present wants and future;
Raise armies, victual, clothe, accoutre,
Adjourn our conquests by essoigne,
Check Howe's advance, and take Burgoyne,
Then make all days of payment vain,
And turns all back to rags again.
In vain great Howe shall play his part,
To ape and counterfeit his art;
In vain shall Clinton, more belated,
A conj'rer turn to imitate it;
With like ill luck, and pow'r as narrow,
They'll fare, like sorc'rers of old Pharaoh;
Who, though the art they understood,
Of turning rivers into blood,
And caus'd their frogs and snakes t' exist,
That with some merit croak'd and hiss'd;
Yet ne'er, by ev'ry quaint device,
Could frame the true Mosaic lice.
He for the Whigs his art shall try,
Their first, and long their sole ally;
A patriot firm, while breath he draws,
He'll perish in his country's cause;
And when his magic labours cease,
Lie bury'd in eternal peace.

"Now view the scenes in future hours,
That wait the fam'd European pow'rs.
See! where yon chalky cliffs arise,
The hills of Britain strike your eyes:
Its small extension long supply'd
By vast immensity of pride;
So small, that had it found a station,
In this new world at first creation;
Or were by justice doom'd to suffer,
And for its crimes transported over;
We'd find full room for 't in Lake Erie, or
That larger water-pond, Superior.
Where North, on margin taking stand,
Would not be able to spy land.
No more, elate with pow'r at ease,
She deals her insults round the seas;
See! dwindling from her height amain,
What piles of ruin spread the plain;
With mould'ring hulks her ports are fill'd,
And brambles clothe the cultur'd field!
See, on her cliffs her genius lies,
His handkerchief at both his eyes,
With many a deep drawn sigh and groan,
To mourn her ruin and his own!
While joyous Holland, France and Spain,
With conqu'ring navies rule the main;
And Russian banners, wide unfurl'd,
Spread commerce round the eastern world.
And see (sight hateful and tormenting)
Th' Amer'can empire, proud and vaunting,
From anarchy shall change her crasis,
And fix her pow'r on firmer basis;
To glory, wealth, and fame ascend,—
Her commerce rise, her realms extend;

Where now the panther guards his den,
Her desert forests swarm with men;
Her cities, tow'rs and columns rise,
And dazzling temples meet the skies;
Her pines descending to the main,
In triumph spread the wat'ry plain;
Ride inland lakes with fav'ring gales,
And crowd her ports with whit'ning sails,
Till to the skirts of western day,
The peopled regions own her sway."

Thus far M'Fingal told his tale,
When thund'ring shouts his ears assail,
And strait a Tory that stood sentry,
Aghast, rush'd headlong down the entry,
And with wild outcry, like magician,
Dispers'd the residue of vision:
For now the Whigs intell'gence found,
Of Tories must'ring under ground;
And with rude bangs and loud uproar,
'Gan thunder furious at the door.
The lights put out, each Tory calls,
To cover him, on cellar walls;
Creeps in each box, or bin, or tub,
To hide his head from wrath of mob;
Or lurks where cabbages in row,
Adorn'd the side with verdant show;
M'Fingal deem'd it vain to stay,
And risk his bones in second fray;
But chose a grand retreat from foes,
In lit'ral sense, beneath their nose;
The window then, which none else knew,
He softly open'd and crept through;

And crawling slow in deadly fear,
By movements wise, made good his rear;
Then, scorning all the fame of martyr,
For Boston took his swift departure:
Nor dar'd look back on fatal spot,
More than the family of Lot.
Not North, in more distress'd condition,
Out-voted first by opposition;
Nor good king George, when that dire phantom
Of independence comes to haunt him;
Which hov'ring round by night and day,
Not all his conj'rers yet can lay.
His friends, assembled for his sake,
He wisely left in pawn, at stake,
To tarring, feath'ring, kicks and drubs
Of furious, disappointed mobs;
And with their forfeit hides to pay
For him, their leader crept away.
So when wise Noah summon'd, greeting,
All animals to gen'ral meeting;
From ev'ry side the members sent,
All kinds of beasts to represent;
Each from the flood took care t' embark,
And save his carcase in the ark;
But as it fares in state and church,
Left his constituents in the lurch.

END OF THE FOURTH CANTO.

NOTES.

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[1] A term used in derision by the British in 1776—afterwards applied by way of distinction to the New-England people—but now (1813) proudly claimed by the citizens of the United States generally, as an honourable title. *Yankee* or *Yankey* comes from the Indian word *Yankoo*, meaning a *master* or *superior.*

[2] Lord Percy commanded the party that was first opposed by the Americans at Lexington ; and it is natural to infer from this allusion of the poet, that he was a descendant of the famous Earl Percy, whose exploits in the hunting in Chevy-Chase, are celebrated in ancient legends.

[3] Ossian, (son of Fingal) a Caledonian bard of the third century, whose poems were translated and published by James M'Pherson. Fingal, the reader will recollect, was Ossian's principal hero.

[4] The tripod was a sacred three legged stool, from which the ancient priests uttered their oracles.

[5] This spirit of prophesying was of wonderful use to the Tories during the revolution. The events here detailed were all predicted, and would without doubt have taken place—*had not the obstinacy of the Whigs prevented!* The same spirit still prevails in the British nation, and were it not for the simple circumstance of its being a lying spirit, it might prove as useful now as in former times.

[6] Homer's Odyssey.

[7] Rather than pay taxes on TEA, the Whigs formally resolved at town-meetings *not to drink any:* But feeling some apprehension that *appetite* might overcome the *patriotism* of the lovers of this exhilerating beverage, committees

were appointed to *enforce* the due observance of these *voluntary* resolutions.

[8] The poet here very properly ridicules a practice which has been, and continues to be, much too prevalent in this country. Houses, dedicated to the worship of God, are frequently not only converted into political forums, where disputations and harangues, sometimes of a very indecorous nature, are indulged in—but they are also profaned by being made the theatre of the most light and frivolous amusements.

[9] When town-meetings are held in houses of worship, the Moderator (presiding officer) takes his stand in the pulpit.

[10] To become a public charge—a pauper. The Whig orator could not have exhibited "good mother Britain" in a more contemptible light. The disgrace of *coming upon the town* has ever been considered so great, that few persons are willing to accept of this last resource, until compelled by the fear of starvation.

[11] See the act, declaring that the King and Parliament had "a right to bind the Colonies *in all cases whatsoever*."

[12] The Parliament house is called by that name.

[13] General Gage, commander in chief of the king's troops in North-America, was appointed in 1773, governor and vice-admiral of Massachusetts, in the room of Hutchinson, who had been the most active agent of the minister, in fomenting the disputes which brought on the war.

[14] The Addressers were those who addressed General Gage with expressions of gratitude and attachment, on his arrival with a fleet and army to subdue the Colonies. The Protesters were those who protested against the measures of the first Congress, and the general resolutions of the country.

[15] The stories of St. Anthony and his pig, and St. Austin's preaching to fishes, are told in the popish legends.

[16] Tory Clergyman.

[17] A Tory writer—president of the college at New York.

[18] A Tory Clergyman.

[19] See the modern metaphysical divinity.

[20] Virgil's Æneid 6th book, line 625.

[21] The editor of the Royal Gazette in New-York.

[22] See a course of essays, under the signature of Massachusettensis.

[23] "Committees of correspondence are the foulest and most venomous serpents that ever issued from the eggs of sedition &c.—Massachusettensis.

[24] Attorney-General of Massachusetts Bay, a judge of admiralty, Gage's chief advertiser and proclamation-maker, author of a farce called the Americans roused, and of a great variety of essays on the ministerial side, in the Boston newspapers.

[25] Alluding to the famous cargo of tea, which was sunk in Boston harbour, the consignees of which were the tools of General Gage.

[26] A proper emblem of his genius.

[27] Treasurer of Massachusetts Bay, and one of the mandamus council.

[28] The detection of falsehood in governor Hutchinson, here alluded to, is a curious little history. It is told at large in the Remembrancer, published by Almon, vol. 1.

[29] Alluding to the discipline of certain churches, where offending members are compelled to present themselves before the congregation, in the middle aisle (called the broad alley) make a confession of their offence, and ask the pardon of their brethren.

[30] The persecutions of the English church under archbishop Laud, are well known to have been the cause of the peopling of New-England.

[31] The war of 1755, between the English and the French, was doubtless excited by circumstances foreign to the interests of the colonies which now form the United States. The colonies, however, paid more than their proportion of the expense and the balance was repaid by the British government, after the war.

[32] Ministerial pensioners.

[33] Alluding as is supposed, to a speech in the British parliament, in which "delenda est Carthago" was applied to America.

[34] The stones and all the elements with thee
Shall ratify a strict confed'racy;
Wild beasts their savage temper shall forget,
And for a firm alliance with thee treat.
Blackmore's Paraphrase of Job.

[35] See bishop Atterbury's trial.

[36] Yankee doodle, a native air of New-England, was often played in derision by the British troops, particularly on their march *to* Lexington. However sweet and melodious it might have sounded to them on that occasion, it subsequently became extremely discordant and grating to their ears, especially during their memorable country-dance from Concord to Boston, and at the capture of Burgoyne's army at Saratoga.

[37] In the winter of 1774 and 1775, the British army had been stimulated by their officers and the Tories, to an ardent desire to see hostilities commence. But the instigators wishing the Americans to be the aggressors, used the following stratagem to complete their purpose.

On the first of May 1775, the king's standard was to be erected at Worcester, fifty miles from Boston, when lieutenant colonel Nesbitt immortalized himself by executing this plan to promote the quarrel, and give the army an opportunity of their desired revenge.

A soldier, according to his directions, sold an old rusty musket for three dollars, to a countryman who brought vegetables to market. This could be no crime in the market-man who had an undoubted right to purchase, and bear arms. He was, notwithstanding, immediately seized by Nesbitt, and conveyed to the guard-house, where he was confined all night. Early the next morning they stripped him naked, covered him with warm tar, and then with feathers, and conducted him to the north end of the town, then to the south end, and as far as liberty-tree, where they dismissed the man, through fear of the people, (who by this time had collected in large numbers,) and made a retreat to their barracks.

The party consisted of about thirty grenadiers of the 47th regiment with fixed bayonets, 20 drums and fifes

playing the rogues march, headed by Nesbitt, with a drawn sword.

The magistrates of the town waited on general Gage with a complaint of this outrage; he pretended disapprobation; but took no steps to censure the conduct of Nesbitt, or to do justice to the man who had suffered the violence.

[38] See Homer's battle of the frogs and mice.

[39] See Gage's answer to governor Trumbull.

[40] *Regulars* was a term generally applied to the British troops.

[41] "Too much praise cannot be given to lord Percy, for his remarkable activity through the whole day."

Gage's account of Lexington battle.

[42] "And with a preposterous parade of military arrangement, they effect to hold the army besieged."

Gage's last grand proclamation.

[43] He was a representative of Marshfield, and employed to carry their famous town-resolves to Boston. He armed himself in a ridiculous military array, as another Hudibras, pretending he was afraid he should be robbed of them.

[44] This was a fact. Some British officers, soon after Gage's arrival at Boston, walking on Beacon-hill, after sunset, were affrighted by noises in the air (supposed to be the flying of bugs and beetles) which they took to be the sound of bullets, and left the hill with great precipitation. Concerning which they wrote terrible accounts to England of their being shot at with air guns; as appears by one or two letters, extracts from which were published in the English papers.

[45] Admiral Graves and captain Wallace lay before the town of Newport a long time, and by their "deeds above heroic," merited all the praises that the discerning M'Fingal has here bestowed on them.

[46] The religious sect of Sandemanians have singular ideas of the millennium. Their political religion during the revolution was Toryism.

[47] Such stories of prodigies were at that time industriously propagated among the Tory party in various parts of New-England, to terrify and intimidate the superstitious.

[48] Alluding to the fact, that in America, about the commencement of the war, the aurora borealis appeared more frequently than usual, and assumed more singular appearances.

[49] See Hutchinson's and Oliver's letters.

[50] Members of the ministerial majority in the New York assembly; Wilkins, a noted writer.

[51] President Cooper, a notorious punster; Vardell, author of some poetical satires on the sons of liberty in New York, and royal professor in king's college; Chandler and Auchmuty, Tory writers of the clerical order.

[52] In a note to the London edition of this work, we are told that "Flip is a liquor composed of beer, rum and sugar"—a piece of information not absolutely necessary in an American edition.

[53] Alluding to the depreciation of the continental paper-money. The declining value of this currency was ascertained and declared by congress in what was called *a scale of depreciation.* See more of this subject in the last canto.

[54] M'Fingal having here inserted the names and characters of several great men, whom the public have not yet fully detected, it is thought proper to omit sundry paragraphs of his speech in the present edition.

[55] Under the old confederation—the defects in which were removed by the new constitution.

[56] The persons who destroyed the cargo of tea, above referred to, were disguised in the habit of Indians.

[57] There were so many influential Tories in New York, that they at first obtained a vote in favour of the acts of parliament, and against the proceedings of the first congress.

[58] William Smith, formerly a lawyer in New York.

[59] Tryon was governor of New York, and a British general during the war. He had the glory of burning the towns of Fairfield and Norwalk, and of issuing many proclamations.

[60] Galloway began by being a flaming patriot. He is one of the few men, who proved a traitor to his country, wrote against it, and ran away.

[61] *Reading the riot-act* has the same miraculous effect in

America as in England; it may convert any collection of men into a *riot*, and is the tremendous prologue to any tragedy that may result from the exercise of martial law.

[62] Ovid's Metamorphoses, book xii.

[63] The learned reader will readily observe the allusions in this scene to the single combat of Paris and Menelaus in Homer; Æneas and Turnus in Virgil; and Michael and Satan in Milton.

[64] In New-England, a company of Militia was formerly called a train band.

[65] In Milton.

[66] Socrates is represented in Aristophane's comedy of the clouds, as hoisted in a basket to aid contemplation.

[67] This is the "chief judge Oliver" of the first canto, in whose appointment the sagacious M'Fingal perceives that heaven had no hand. One ground of the quarrel between the British government and the people of Massachusetts was, the act by which the judges of the colony were rendered independent of the colony for their salary, as well as for their places; which was contrary to ancient usage. When the people felt these particular acts of oppression from a power three thousand miles distant, their only method of redress was, to prevent any person from accepting an office, or from exercising its functions, under such an act. This expedient had been successful in the case of the stamp act a few years before; and the people now applied to judge Oliver, requesting him to resign an office, the new arrangement of which so manifestly struck at the foundation of their liberty. The judge promised to resign his place; but afterwards claimed that "*highest privilege of speech*," which M'Fingal has so well vindicated in favour of General Gage.

[68] Here again is an old acquaintance of the first canto. His paper, entitled *the Royal Gazette*, had, by a strange combination of circumstances, obtained the name through the whole country, of *the Lying Gazette*. It was on this account that the people at a certain time sent a committee to take away his types. But this measure was as ineffectual as those that were used with Murray, Williams, Oliver, &c.

[69] Claudian's Sigantomachia.

[70] Alluding to Plato's famous definition of man, "*Animal bipes, implumis.*"

[71] Such votes were frequently passed at town-meetings; the object of which was, to prevent the augmentation of prices on the necessaries of life, and thus to obviate the effects of the depreciation of the paper money.

[72] "Panditur interia domus omnipotentis Olympi, Conciliumq; vocat Divum pater atq; hominum rex Sideream in sedem."

Lib. 10. Æneid.

[73] "————His form had not yet lost
All its original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd." *Milton.*

[74] Malcolm was a Scotchman, aid to governer Tryon in his expedition against the regulators in North-Carolina where, in the engagement, he met with the accident of the breeches here alluded to. He was afterwards an under-officer of the customs in Boston, where, becoming obnoxious, he was tarred, feathered, and half hanged by the mob, about the year 1774. After this, he was neglected and avoided by his own party, and thinking his merits and sufferings unrewarded, appeared equally malevolent against Whigs and Tories.

The pretences of the highlanders to prophecy by second sight are too well known to need an explanation.

[75] There is in this scene a general allusion to the appearance and speech of Hector's ghost, in the second book of the Æneid.

[76] That the gallows is the *back-door* leading from this to the other world, is a perfectly new idea in epic poetry; unless the hint might have been taken from the rear-trumpet of fame in Hudibras.

[77] See Milton's Paradise Lost, book II.

[78] Nothing less than the whole history of the American war would be sufficent, completely to illustrate the merits of this single paragraph. Malcolm, the gallows taught prophet, in preparing the mind of M'Fingal to contemplate, with proper intelligence, the various scenes that are to rise successively to view in the course of the vision, glances over

the continent, and mentions in this passage the principal scenes of action, from the expedition into Canada in 1775, to the capture of lord Cornwallis in 1781. The concluding part of his speech is therefore a kind of argument to this whole book of vision; in which the same objects are unfolded at large, with their attendant circumstances; in order that they may make a proper impression on the elevated mind of the great M'Fingal. It is thus that our poet, like Homer, in his Iliad, seizes all occasions to do honour to his principal hero. By supposing him already possessed of all natural and political knowledge that could be obtained by mortal study and experience, he makes him, like Achilles, capable of receiving instructions only by the agency of a super-terrestrial power. The advises of Achilles descended from the skies, that of M'Fingal is mounted towards the skies.

[79] "Cry aloud; for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth. And they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets." 1 *Kings*, chap. xviii. The other original subjects alluded to in the subsequent part of this speech, may be found by the curious reader in the various and immortal works mentioned by the poet in the text.

[80] Erse, the ancient Scottish language, in which Ossian wrote his poems.

[81] General Prescott was taken and exchanged several times during the war.

[82] The Maid of the Oaks, and the blockade of Boston, are farces—the first acknowledged by General Burgoyne; the other generally ascribed to him.

[83] Loring was a refugee from Boston, made commissary of prisoners by General Howe. The consummate cruelties practised on the American prisoners under Loring's administration almost exceed the ordinary powers of human invention. If a simple statement of facts relative to this business were properly drawn up and authenticated, it would furnish the friends of humanity with new images of horror in contemplating the ravages of war; especially a war that obtains the name of rebellion, and is carried on at a distance

from the eye of the nation. The conduct of the Turks in putting all prisoners to death is certainly much more rational and humane, than that of the British army for the three first years of the American war, or till after the capture of Burgoyne. We except from this general observation, the conduct of lord Dorchester in Canada; he acted on the common principles of war, as now practised in Europe.

[84] The notion of Vampyres is a superstition that has greatly prevailed in many parts of Europe. They pretend it is a dead body which rises out of its grave in the night, and sucks the blood of the living.

[85] This was done openly, and without censure, by the troops under Howe's command, in many instances, on his first conquest of Long-Island.

[86] See Rabelais's history of the giant Gargantau.

[87] Clive, in the latter years of his life, conceived himself perpetually haunted by the ghosts of those who were the victims of his British humanity in the East-Indies.

[88] The passage that here follows is to be explained thus: In the year 1778, after the war had been raging three years, and the capture of Burgoyne's army was known in England, the British government concluded to give up all the objects for which the contest had begun. It accordingly passed an act repealing all the acts of which the Americans complained, provided we would rescind our declaration of independence, and continue to be their colonies. The ministry then sent over three commissioners, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Eden, and Lord Carlisle. These commissioners began their operations, and finished them by attempting to bribe individuals among the members of the states, and of the army. This bait appears to have caught nobody but Arnold. The *petticoated politician*, here mentioned, is a woman of Philadelphia, (and a lady of considerable distinction) through whose agency they offered a bribe to Joseph Read, governer of Pennsylvania.

[89] ——Medicatam frugibus offam.

Æneid, lib. vi. 410.

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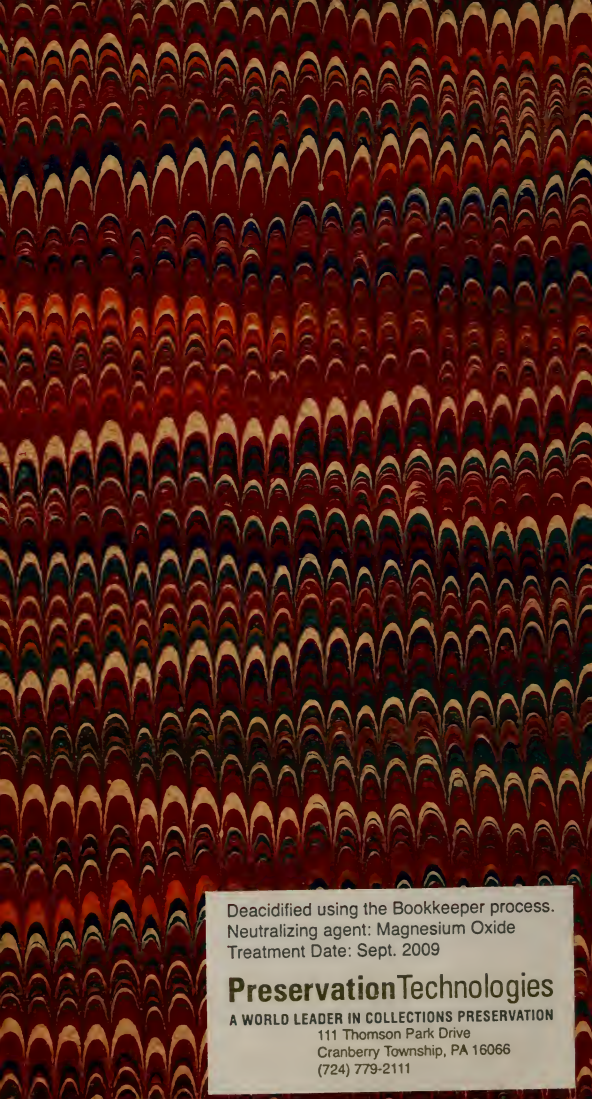

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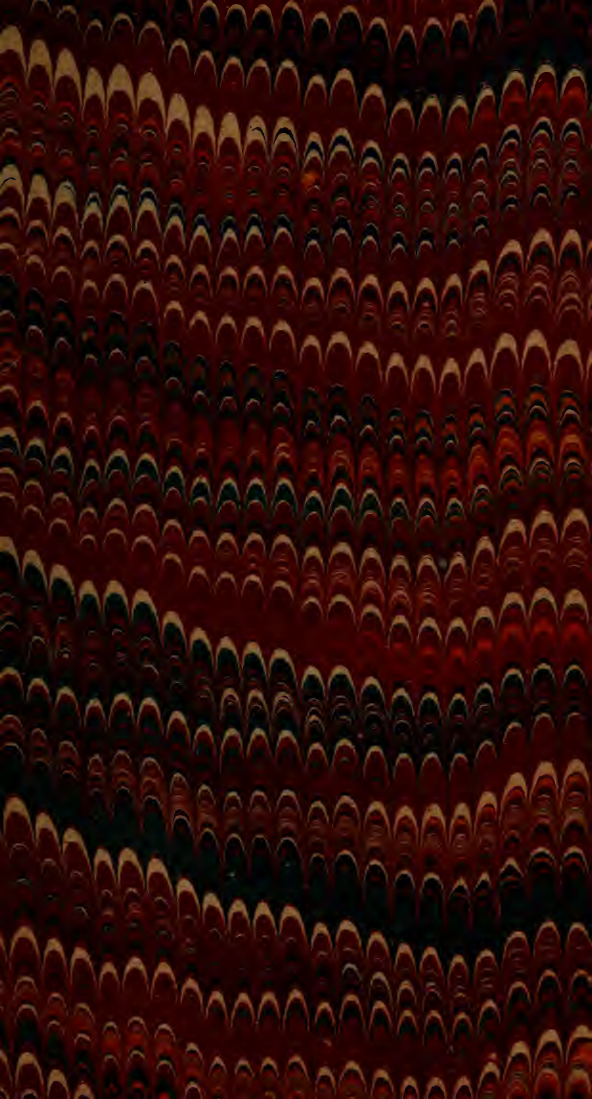

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